
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

FEBRUARY, 1804.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS
OF
ABRAHAM NEWLAND, Esq.
CHIEF CASHIER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

There ne'er was a *name* so bandied by fame,
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
As one that is wrote on *every* bank-note,
And you ALL must know ABRAHAM NEWLAND.
DIBDIN.

IN our last number, with which the present year commenced, we furnished our readers with the sketch of a poet, whose talents alone have attracted public attention. To such characters, however extensive their fame, we look not for opulence; their province is oftentimes to amuse the rich, who in return, by the purchase of their productions, preserve them from the horrors of poverty. But in our miscellany *all* classes in society have their turn, and, therefore, we now proceed to detail the life of an individual who, by his activity and exertion, has

contributed in no small degree to the national prosperity. Society is a complex machine, where wheels of different sizes, and construction, are equally essential to its free and decisive operation. We are all parts of one grand whole, therefore necessary to each other's happiness; in this point of view, let us contemplate our fellow-creatures in every station: such ideas, duly cherished, cannot fail of promoting general felicity.

ABRAHAM NEWLAND is the son of Mr. William Newland, formerly a baker of St. Saviour's, Southwark. He was born about the year 1730; indeed we have not been able to ascertain the time of his birth with certainty. Of his education we know little, except that the instructions which he received were fitted to prepare him for the counting-house. In this situation he was of course placed at an early period; but how long he remained in this humble station cannot now be determined. We may, however, naturally suppose that at this time he acquired, in a degree, that knowledge of commercial affairs by which he has been since, and for so long a series of years, distinguished.

The subject of our memoir was appointed clerk in the Bank of England more than half a century ago, being nominated in the month of February, 1740. He rose through the various gradations of office, by means of his own diligence and integrity. Indeed, such were his merits, that in January, 1775, he attained the respecta-

ble and confidential office of chief cashier to the first commercial company in the world!

This extraordinary man is now between *seventy* and *eighty* years of age; his deportment is genteel, his manners affable, and his mode of transacting business marked by the utmost punctuality. Of his wealth various have been the conjectures: he must be rich, when his opportunities of gain, his official emoluments, and his economy, are considered.

He has a suite of apartments in the *Bank of England*, but being a bachelor, has not a large establishment. It is worthy of remark, that, during a period of *forty* years, he had not been a day absent from the bank, except during a few weeks of illness! By trips to Margate, Brighton, and to other watering-places of fashion, the important duties of his office have never once been impeded. The only relaxation in which he indulges, is a daily ride in his carriage to his house, at the upper extremity of Highbury-Place, where he generally drinks tea, and then returns regularly to the Bank in the evening. The writer of the present article, has, from the window of his next-door neighbour, seen him with pleasure, more than once, alighting from his carriage with firm step, and then, according to his usual custom, patting his horses with a gentleness honourable to his humanity.

The name of this truly respectable gentleman, being found on every note issued by the Bank of England, it of course possesses an un-

common degree of celebrity. This has given rise to a song, replete with humour, which shall be transcribed, having been the theme of general admiration.

There ne'er was a name so bandied by fame,
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
As one that is wrote on every bank-note,
And you all must know Abraham Newland !
O Abraham Newland !

Notified Abraham Newland !
I've heard people say *sham Abraham* you may,
But you mustn't sham Abraham Newland,

The world is inclin'd to think justice blind,
But lawyers know well she can view land ;
But, Lord ! what of that ! she'll blink like a bat,
At the sight of an Abraham Newland !

O Abraham Newland !
Magical Abraham Newland !
Tho' justice 'tis known can see thro' a mill-stone,
She can't see thro' Abraham Newland !

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
Kind souls ! here like mushrooms they strew land,
Tho' loud as the drum, each proves Orator Mum,
If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland !

O Abraham Newland !
Invincible Abraham Newland !
No argument's found in the world half so sound
As the logic of Abraham Newland !

If a maid of three-score, or a dozen years more,
For a husband should chance to sigh thro' land,
I'm vastly afraid she would not die a maid,
If acquainted with Abraham Newland.

O Abraham Newland !
Deluding Abraham Newland !
Tho' crooked and cross, she'd not be at a loss,
Thro' the friendship of Abraham Newland !

Such are some of the stanzas of this favourite song, which have contributed not a little to the mirth and gaiety of many a social and respectable company.

It has not been unusual, to accompany the memoirs of MR. ABRAHAM NEWLAND with speculations respecting the nature of banks, and with the effects which such institutions have produced on society. We, however, deem such discussions foreign to our subject; we have, therefore, merely stated the particulars with which we were acquainted respecting this celebrated personage, and which, we doubt not, will afford our readers some portion of gratification. Had our materials been more copious, a longer detail should have been given on the present occasion. But we have always, in our *biographical* department, preferred a few particulars to an excursive digression, which, by being unnecessarily protracted, would only lead us into the regions of conjecture and uncertainty.

Islington.

J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 83.

INFANCY; OR, THE MANAGEMENT OF
CHILDREN.

IN SIX BOOKS.

By *Hugh Downman, M. D.*

WE proceed with pleasure to analyze this poem, which contains some excellent sentiments set off by the charms of genuine poetry. We all know that the HUMAN SPECIES require an uncommon degree of care in their infancy; the degree and direction of such care are here pointed out with admirable fidelity.

Our poet prosecutes his subject in the *third* book with equal ardour and ingenuity.—

————— To my theme again,
Well pleas'd I turn and view the simple race
Of *infant innocence*, as yet unwarp'd
By education;—blameless nature their's,
And passions undebaugh'd; from envy free,
From guile, and that assembled crew of ills,
Produced by commerce with a tainted world!

On the improper feeding of children, the following lines strongly animadvert:

O! as thou would'st the invenom'd adder shun,
Renounce their false opinion, who, seduced
By ignorance, misjudging, think whate'er
Delights their *grosser* appetites will please,

Will suit his unhabituated lip ;
And thus, unknowing, but with liberal hand,
Cherish their babes with poison. Wretched race !
Unconscious criminals ! Murthering thro' love
The hapless beings they would *die* to save !

Having thus tacitly recommended the simplest diet, he recommends also the simplest beverage.

————— And be his drink
The *purest* element, with which of old
Heroes, and champions, at the Olympic games,
Sated their thirst ; and glorious deeds perform'd
In war, and manly exercise, as he,
The heaven-devoted Nazarene, to whom
Cords were as threads when fired with holy zeal—
He burst his bonds, and with his single hand
Hew'd down opposing armies ! Hence each spring,
And limpid fountain, every stream which flow'd
Soft murmuring o'er its pebbled bed, was graced
By wise antiquity with hallowed forms,
Pure nymphs, and gentle maids ! Well they knew
The virtues of the crystal wave, ere vile
Fermented liquors had enslav'd their taste,
And thinn'd mankind !—————

In the commencement of the *fourth* book we meet with the following beautiful eulogium on FAME :

Sweet is the breath of FAME, and o'er the soul
Of youth, on fancy's pinions, wafted back
The daring visitor of time unknown ;
And future ages, like a spicy breeze,
Steals her delicious fragrance like a breeze
From Ceylon, or Sumatra, which enchants
The sailor's heart, tho' night involves the coast,
And hides its lovely foliage from his view,
While in his mind he sees the blooming groves,
And haply thinks them fairer than they are !

Having on the article of *Clothing* recommended the free exercise of the limbs, he thus paints the distress arising from an opposite mode of conduct :

In vain the *little captive*, as awhile
Released from durance, utters sounds of joy,
Stretches his arms, well pleased, and smiles, and casts
His looks delighted on the cheerful blaze,
Or waving taper. To his fetters soon
Remanded, he in vain attempts to cope
With arbitrary power—each effort tries,
Shews by each deed the abhorrence which he feels,
Adding the emphatic eloquence of tears,
Of inarticulate but deep distress,
And struggles all-impassion'd to be free !

We shall close with a passage in which *youth of both sexes* are eloquently reminded of their obligation to parental affection.

And O ingenuous youth ! whose blood now flusht
With yet unsatiated desire, quick beats
In ev'ry pulse to mix in active life,
Intent to climb where science points the way !
O Virgin ! who with beauty deckt, and gay,
In unperverted innocence around
Survey'st thy homagers, yet covetest
One faithful heart alone. O ! recollect
Her assiduity—*her* diligence,
And tender care, to which thou ow'st the frame
Able to cope with business, or sustain
The toil which knowledge asks to gather in
Her wide-spread harvest !—*that* attentive zeal
To which thou ow'st the comeliness of shape,
Those beauties which from every eye attract
The applausive glance, and every breast inspire
With love, or admiration !

Such sentiments we would always inculcate upon our young readers — such sentiments

ought ever to be devoutly cherished by them. Ingratitude of every kind is base, but manifested toward parents it merits, and will not fail to excite, detestation.

Islington.

J. E.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON THE AFFECTIONS.

HOW miserable would human life be, if our kind Creator had not given us those fine feelings of the soul, which distinguish us from the beasts that perish! He has endowed us with dispositions which are very little inferior to those of angels. We perceive, even in children, attachments formed which are matured in future life, and produce all the social virtues which adorn mankind, and embellish human nature. In proportion as our years increase, we feel that aversion to certain characters, which makes us very cautious of their acquaintance, and prefer even the dreary abodes of solitude to the splendid buildings of the voluptuous.

We feel those pleasures which dignify the soul, and can commiserate the wretched, when we permit the affections to expand themselves, which are sources of the greatest felicity. In every relation of life they are of the greatest service. Friendship would be but a name if they did not aid her in tasting those sweets

which she confers only on her favourites. They confer delight on conjugal life, and fan the sparks of love into a flame. Reciprocal regard is hereby increased, and the enemy of peace prevented from disturbing domestic comfort. To love, and be beloved, is essential to the marriage state, in order that those endearments may be expressed, which are connected with real happiness. The affections, likewise, enforce parental duty, and make us observe every thing which is calculated to promote the welfare of our offspring. They endear those in authority to us, and make us obey their commands cheerfully. In religion they are productive of much advantage, as devotion is raised to the greatest sublimity. The seraphs around the divine throne are indebted to the affections for their sacred ardour. All the concert of heaven feel their energetic influence, and proclaim a present Deity. We turn away with aversion from sin, as from a serpent, when we are under their divine influence, and aspire after the beauties of virtue and true holiness.

Whilst the affections are thus the source of the greatest happiness, they are productive of the greatest misery. When they act independent of our judgments they hurry us imperceptibly into all the reveries of madness and enthusiasm. The history of mankind evince the truth of this remark. In modern times we read of an Hackman, whose attachment to an unfortunate female brought him to an ignominious death. Little did he consider the catastrophe awaiting him. Who cannot read the

writings of Swedenbourg, and not perceive the striking traits of a great enthusiast. In fine, enthusiasm has embroiled kingdoms, cities, and parishes, with the most violent commotions. No doubt a tear of pity is justly due to those whose affections have unhappily betrayed them into that misery from which they were unable to extricate themselves, and whose motives were not sullied with impurity; and likewise for those devotees to religion, who, from zeal for a noble cause, have imperceptibly been led to embrace errors, which were never intended to injure mankind, but to emulate them to more diligence about their salvation.

Hereford, Feb. 11,

T. M.

1804.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

GENTLEMEN,

FEELING myself obliged by your insertion of the lines on the death of Gen. Abercromby, in your Magazine for Dec. 1803, by Mr. Robert Wood, have sent you an extract of a letter from the same gentleman, and, if worthy your attention, can send you other interesting particulars of places, &c. from Mr. Wood's letters.

Your constant Reader,

R. F.

Wellclose-Square, Feb. 13,

1804.

“ WE have been, since I wrote you last, at Algiers, Syracuse, Messina, Alexandria, Mahon, Barcelona, Gibraltar, and am now about 700 miles nearer you than I have been these last five years ; none of these places are worth describing, except the ancient ruins of the once famous Alexandria, and it surely has been the first city in the world for grandeur, and elegance of building, if we may judge by the innumerable quantities of marble, and other granite pillars, that are some standing, and others down ; but the town, like all other things under the Mahometan yoke, is merely a heap of rubbish, and nothing to distinguish its once famous grandeur, and magnificence, except these relics of ancient architecture ; Pompey’s Pillar is still entire, and is one compleat stone from its pedestal, which is the only joint in it : the pedestal is about 14 feet square, and the pillar 90 feet in height, or length, as is supposed, and a proportionate thickness is, as it were lifted right up, and set on its bottom on the pedestal. How it has been erected, being one solid stone, and finely polished, puzzles me ; neither can I find one to answer or tell me how it has been done. Some suppose that it consists of melted matter, and cast in a mould where it stands ; but it appears to me to have been properly hewn out of one stone, and placed on its bottom as it now stands. You know, about these days, whole nations were employed about such works—as witness, Solomon : who employed above 180,000 men in building his temple ; and this pillar must have engaged an immense multitude, particular-

ly as I can observe no quarry near it, and of course must have been carried some distance. The beauty of it is but very little impaired, although it has stood to a certainty some time before the birth of Christ. There is likewise here two obelisks of the same sort of granite, the one is standing in its original form, and the other is lying on the ground; they are likewise of one compleat stone, not round as Pompey's Pillar, but square, and tapers to nearly a point at the top; they are called Cleopatra's Needles, and are full of hieroglyphics, or Egyptian characters, on all sides, from head to foot. By their name they have probably been erected to the memory of that famous queen, and as her death happened about 44 years before the date of Christ, it is surprising how they have stood so many ages, and braved the weather, and the decaying hand of time. At the surrender of Alexandria by the French lately, General Lord Cavan purchased an old French frigate, taken at Alexandria, and intended to send to England the needle that is down; and the chief engineer undertook to put it on board the ship, provided the vessel could be brought to a convenient distance from it, but, in sounding towards the place where it lays, it was found impossible to bring the ship near it, and the project dropt. Yet I am of opinion no ship in the world could carry it, although I could wish to have seen it erected in Hyde Park, where Lord C. intended to send it; but as it is a mere impossibility, you must put up with the description, as it is not

likely you will ever come to Egypt to see these curiosities.

*His Majesty's Sloop,
Camelion.*

ROB. WOOD.

SOME ACCOUNT OF
GENERAL LASNES,

AMBASSADOR FROM THE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE
TO THE COURT OF PORTUGAL.

(From the Revolutionary Plutarch, just published.)

This work abounds with interesting matter, from which we shall occasionally extract Memoirs of several of the leading Members of the French Government.

LASNES was born in a village near Perpignan, where his father kept a wine vault, and lodgings for smugglers, waggoners, mule-drivers, and other persons of the same description. He was in 1784, bound apprentice to a dyer, whom, after pilfering, he left, and listed into a regiment of dragoons, from which, in some few months, he deserted, and the Revolution found him a groom with the postmaster at Montelimar, in Dauphiny. He soon became conspicuous there, amongst the patriotic brigands, who, in 1789, laid waste that unfortunate country, murdered or proscribed all men of property, and plundered or divided their possessions.

Recommended by the jacobins of that province, he returned in 1796 to Perpignan, where he was chosen an officer in the national guard, and to the terror of all good and loyal men, directed most of the cruel transactions of the ja-

cobin club of that city; he was the denouncer and accuser of Colonel Adhemar, and the officers of the regiment of Cambresis, the cause of their transportation in chains to the prison of Orleans, and of their massacre at Versailles on the 9th of September, 1792.

In 1794, when war was declared against Spain, Lasnes was promoted to the rank of chief of battalion; and in 1794, to that of colonel, by the recommendation of General Dugomier. In the beginning of the same year, backed by the then reigning jacobins, and terrorists, he married the daughter of a capital merchant at Perpignan, contrary to the wishes of her parents, and her own inclination; afterwards, when he had squandered away her fortune, and was acquainted with his present wife, who was for two years his mistress, he divorced, and left her in the greatest distress with a child; her parents having died in prison, where Lasnes had confined them as lunatics, because they believed in a God, and he wanted their property.

During Barras's mission in the South of France, Lasnes had made himself noticed for his *famous patriotism*, and was therefore appointed an adjutant-general under Buonaparte. When, in 1795, the regicide National Convention, contrary to the avowed opinion of the sovereign people in France, desired to continue its oppression and tyranny over Frenchmen, by having two-thirds of its detested members re-elected in the Councils of the Five Hundred, and of the Ancients, and the sections and citi-

zens at Paris opposed this violation of their rights, surrounded with the mutilated carcasses of eight thousand Parisian men, women, and children, butchered by their bayonets, and canons, Lasnes and Buonaparte, for the first time, fraternized together; and so congenial were the feelings of these two revolutionary characters, that when, by the influence of Barras, the Directory nominated Buonaparte the commander-in-chief over the army in Italy, the latter demanded the rank of a general of brigade for Lasnes, and employed him as such during the campaigns 1796, and 1797. He distinguished himself in Italy on several occasions, particularly at the passage of the Po, on the 7th of May, 1796; at the battle of Pombio, and in the affair at Arcole, on the 16th November following, when he was severely wounded.

When the cruelty and plunder of the French marauders, in Lombardy, had produced an universal discontent, which broke out in several partial insurrections, Lasnes received from his Corsican friend the honourable commission to silence complaints and clamour by terror and ferocity; and by burning and shooting, make the republicans as much dreaded as they were already abhorred. Some revolts in the imperial bailiwicks, near Genoa, were punished by him with an atrocious severity. In May, 1796, he ordered every house in the village of Binosco to be burnt, after being first plundered by his soldiers, and two hundred of the inhabitants to be shot upon the smoking ground of their former mansions, after having been forced to see

their wives and daughters violated before their eyes. In the next month, six villages near Tortona, with their inhabitants, shared the same dreadful fate. On this occasion, Lasnes condemned every man above fifteen years of age to die; and every woman or girl under thirty, to surrender themselves to the disgusting embraces of his vile soldiery, under pain of being thrown alive into the flames of their burning habitations.

In 1798, Lasnes went with Buonaparte to Egypt, and when he deserted his army, accompanied him back again to France. In the revolution, effected by the Corsican in November, 1799, Lasnes had a great share. He was first the commander of the important post at the Thuilleries, and afterwards in the hall of the Council of Ancients.

When Buonaparte apprehended no longer any resistance in the capital, he sent Lasnes to restrain, and to keep in subjection, the restless jacobins in the south of France, and, in particular, those at Toulon. Having, to the satisfaction of the consular government, but at the expence of the lives of many of his former jacobin accomplices, calmed, if not quieted, that part of the republic, he was made the successor of General Murat, as chief over the consular guard at Paris. In this place he tried more to cultivate the friendship and confidence of his officers and men, than to obtain the favours of the First Consul: he acted more as a person who intended to succeed him, than one who wished to strengthen or preserve his usurpation.

Of all despots, the military are the most suspicious; Buonaparte soon observed the manœuvres of his general, and on ordering the examination of the guard's military chest, a deficit was discovered, amounting to five hundred thousand livres, which Lasnes had distributed among the soldiers, well knowing, that where bayonets elevate a tyrant into power, bayonets too can destroy the tyrant with the tyranny; the usurper with the usurpation. Upon this discovery Lasnes was immediately put under arrest, and many of the courtiers expected that he would either be shot or transported; but after a private conversation of three hours with the Consul, during which he is said to have hinted, he had taken care, that neither the political secrets of Italy, nor the poisonous deeds of Syria, should perish with him, he was sent in an honourable exile as ambassador to Portugal. His insolent conduct in that country is well known, and that in trying to prevent the lawful trade with England, he abused and dishonoured his privileged character of a diplomatic agent, by introducing contraband commodities from France: and when his frauds and infamy were discovered, instead of being ashamed of his nefarious transactions, he impudently insisted upon the dismissal of those faithful servants to their king and country, who had loyalty enough to expose this new proof of French republican villany.

A short time before, the Regent had been the sponsor of Lasnes' child, and presented him with many valuable presents. Notwith-

standing this liberal condescension, he wrote a threatening letter, and not receiving a satisfactory answer, deserted his post, and left the country without any farther ceremony. At his return to France, he was ordered not to approach within thirty leagues of Paris, but this *marked* disgrace was of short duration; and, when French ambition forced England to arm, after some months political chicanery, Lasnes assumed his former station, where his intrigues had already effected such changes in the ministry as French pretensions might desire, but which English moderation and generosity alone, can prevent from being the ruin as well as the dishonour of Portugal.

The Lisbon mail, of September 30, 1803, brought the painful news of the Regent having stood godfather to another child of this French emissary; and that, contrary to the etiquette of his court, he admitted Lasnes and his wife to his table. If any evidence be required of the degraded state of the continent, this fraternity of a sovereign prince with a revolutionary sans culotte, and with his republican wife, once his mistress, may convince even the most incredulous.

ALCUIN.

A DIALOGUE.

(Concluded from page 69.)

THIS remark was succeeded by a pause on both sides. The lady seemed more inclined to listen than to talk. At length I ventured to resume the conversation.

"Pray, Madam, permit me to return from this impertinent digression, and repeat my question—Are you a federalist?"

"And let me," replied she, "repeat my answer—What have I, as a woman, to do with politics? Even the government of our country, which is said to be the freest in the world, passes over women as if they were not. We are excluded from all political rights without the least ceremony. Law-makers thought as little of comprehending us in their code of liberty, as if we were pigs, or sheep. That females are exceptions to their general maxims, perhaps never occurred to them. If it did, the idea was quietly discarded, without leaving behind the slightest consciousness of inconsistency or injustice. If to uphold and defend, as far as woman's little power extends, the constitution, against violence; if to prefer a scheme of union and confederacy, to war and dissension, entitle me to that name, I may justly be stiled a federalist. But if that title be incompatible with a belief that, in many particulars, this

constitution is unjust and absurd, I certainly cannot pretend to it. But how should it be otherwise? While I am conscious of being an intelligent and moral being; while I see myself denied, in so many cases, the exercise of my own discretion; incapable of separate property; subject, in all periods of my life, to the will of another, on whose bounty I am made to depend for food, raiment, and shelter: when I see myself, in my relation to society, regarded merely as a beast, or an insect; passed over, in the distribution of public duties, as absolutely nothing, by those who disdain to assign the least apology for their injustice—what though politicians say I am nothing, it is impossible I should assent to their opinion, as long as I am conscious of willing and moving. If they generously admit me into the class of existence, but affirm that I exist for no purpose but the convenience of the more dignified sex; that I am not to be entrusted with the government of myself; that to foresee, to deliberate and decide, belongs to others, while all my duties resolve themselves into this precept, “listen and obey;” it is not for me to smile at their tyranny, or receive, as my gospel, a code built upon such atrocious maxims.—No, I am no federalist.”

“You are, at least,” said I, “a severe and uncommon censor. You assign most extraordinary reasons for your political heresy. You have many companions in your aversion to the government, but, I suspect, are wholly singular in your motives. There are few, even

among your own sex, who reason in this manner."

"Very probably;—thoughtless and servile creatures!—but that is not wonderful. All despotism subsists by virtue of the errors and supineness of its slaves. If their discernment was clear, their persons would be free. Brute strength has no part in the government of multitudes: they are bound in the fetters of opinion."

"The maxims of constitution-makers sound well. All power is derived from the people. Liberty is every one's birth-right. Since all cannot govern or deliberate individually, it is just that they should elect their representatives: That every one should possess, indirectly, and through the medium of his representatives, a voice in the public councils; and should yield to no will but that of an actual or virtual majority. Plausible and specious maxims! but fallacious. What avails it to be told by any one, that he is an advocate for liberty? we must first know what he means by the word. We shall generally find that he intends only freedom to himself, and subjection to all others. Suppose I place myself where I can conveniently mark the proceedings at a general election: "All," says the code, "are free. Liberty is the immediate gift of the Creator to all mankind, and is unalienable. Those that are subject to the laws should possess a share in their enactment. This privilege can be exercised, consistently with the maintenance of social order, in a large society, only in the choice of deputies." A person ad-

vances with his ticket. "Pray," says the officer, "are you twenty-one years of age?"—"No."—"Then I cannot receive your vote; you are no citizen." Disconcerted and abashed, he retires. A second assumes his place. "How long," says the officer, "have you been an inhabitant of this State?"—"Nineteen months and a few days."—"None has a right to vote who has not completed two years residence." A third approaches, who is rejected because his name is not found in the catalogue of taxables. At length room is made for a fourth person. "Man," cries the magistrate, "is your skin black, or white?"—"Black."—"What, a sooty slave dare to usurp the rights of freemen?" The way being now clear, I venture to approach. "I am not a minor," say I to myself. "I was born in the State, and cannot, therefore, be stigmatized as a foreigner. I pay taxes, for I have no father or husband to pay them for me. Luckily my complexion is white. Surely my vote will be received. But, no, I am a woman. Neither short residence, nor poverty, nor age, nor colour, nor sex, exempt from the jurisdiction of the laws." "True," says the magistrate; "but they deprive you from bearing any part in their formation." "So I perceive, but I cannot perceive the justice of your pretensions to equality and liberty, when those principles are thus openly and grossly violated."

"If a stranger question me concerning the nature of our government, I answer, that in this happy climate all men are free: the people

are the source of all authority ; from them it flows, and to them, in due season, it returns." " But in what," says my friend, " does this unrivalled and precious freedom consist ?" " Not," says I, " in every man's governing himself, literally and individually ; that is impossible. Not in the controul of an actual majority ; they are by much too numerous to deliberate commodiously, or decide expeditiously. No, our liberty consists in the choice of our governors : all, as reason requires, have a part in this choice, yet not without a few exceptions ; for, in the first place, all females are excepted. They, indeed, compose one half of the community ; but, no matter, women cannot possibly have any rights. Secondly, those whom the feudal law calls minors, because they could not lift a shield, or manage a pike, are excepted. They comprehend one half of the remainder. Thirdly, the poor. These vary in number, but they are sure to increase with the increase of luxury and opulence, and to promote these is well known to be the aim of all wise governors. Fourthly, those who have not been two years in the land : and, lastly, slaves. It has been sagely decreed, that none but freemen shall enjoy this privilege, and that all men are free but those that are slaves. When all these are sifted out, a majority of the remainder are entitled to elect our governor ; provided, however, the candidate possess certain qualifications, which you will excuse me from enumerating. I am tired of explaining this charming system of equality and independence. Let the

black, the young, the poor, and the stranger, support their own claims. I am a woman. As such, I cannot celebrate the equity of that scheme of government which classes me with dogs and swine."

"In this representation," said I, "it must be allowed there is some truth; but do you sufficiently distinguish between the form and spirit of a government? The true condition of a nation cannot be described in a few words; nor can it be found in the volumes of their laws. We know little or nothing when our knowledge extends no farther than the forms of the constitution. As to any direct part they bear in the government, the women of Turkey, Russia, and America, are alike; but, surely, their actual condition, their dignity, and freedom, are very different. The value of any government lies in the mode in which it is exercised. If we consent to be ruled by another, our liberty may still remain inviolate, or be infringed only when superior wisdom directs. Our master may govern us agreeably to our own ideas, or may restrain and enforce us only when our own views are mistaken."

"No government is independent of popular opinion. By that it must necessarily be sustained and modified. In the worst despotism there is a sphere of discretion allotted to each man, which political authority must not violate. How much soever is relinquished by the people, somewhat is always reserved. The chief purpose of the wise is to make men their own governors, to persuade them to practice

the rules of equity without legal constraint : they will try to lessen the quantity of government, without changing or multiplying the depositories of it ; to diminish the number of those cases in which authority is required to interfere. We need not complain of the injustice of laws, if we refrain, or do not find it needful to appeal to them : if we decide amicably our differences, or refer them to an umpire of our own choice : if we trust not to the subtilty of lawyers, and the prejudice of judges, but to our own eloquence, and a tribunal of our neighbours. It matters not what power the laws give me over the property or persons of others, if I do not chuse to avail myself of the privilege.

“ Then,” said the lady, “ you think that forms of government are no subjects of contest. It matters not by whom power is possessed, or how it is transferred ; whether we bestow our allegiance on a child, or a lunatic ; whether kings be made by accident of birth or wealth ; whether supreme power be acquired by force, or transmitted by inheritance, or conferred freely and periodically by the suffrages of all that acknowledge its validity ? ”

“ Doubtless,” replied I, “ these considerations are of some moment ; but cannot you distinguish between power and the exercise of power, and see that the importance of the first is derived wholly from the consideration of the last ? ”

“ But how it shall be exercised,” rejoined she, “ depends wholly on the views and habits

of him that has it. Avails it nothing whether the prince be mild or austere, malignant or benevolent? If we must delegate authority, are we not concerned to repose it with him who will use it to the best, rather than the worst purposes? True it is, we should retain as much power over our own conduct, maintain the sphere of our own discretion, as large and as inviolate as possible. But we must, as long as we associate with mankind, forego, in some particulars, our self-government, and submit to the direction of another; but nothing interests me more nearly than a wise choice of a master. The wisest member of society should, if possible, be selected for the guidance of the rest."

"If an hundred persons be in want of a common dwelling, and the work cannot be planned or executed by the whole, from the want of either skill or unanimity, what is to be done? We must search out one who will do that which the circumstances of the case will not allow us to do for ourselves. Is it not obvious to inquire who among us possesses most skill, and most virtue to controul him in the use of it? Or shall we lay aside all regard to skill and integrity, and consider merely who is the tallest, or richest, or fairest among us, or admit his title that can prove that such an one was his father, or that he himself is the eldest among the children of his father? In an affair which is of common concern, shall we consign the province of deciding to a part, or yield to the superior claims of a majority? If it happen that the smaller number be distinguished by more

accurate discernment, or extensive knowledge, and, consequently, he that is chosen by the wiser few, will probably be, in himself considered, more worthy than the favourite of the injudicious many; yet what is the criterion which shall enable us to distinguish the sages from the fools? And, when the selection is made, what means shall we use for expunging from the catalogue all those whom age has enfeebled, or flattery, or power corrupted? If all this were effected, could we, at the same time, exclude evils from our system, by which its benefits would be outweighed? Of all modes of government, is not the sovereignty of the people, however incumbered with inconveniences, yet attended by the fewest?"

"It is true," answered I, "that one form of government may tend more than another to generate selfishness and tyranny in him that rules, and ignorance and profligacy in the subjects. If different forms be submitted to our choice, we should elect that which deserves the preference. Suppose our countrymen would be happier if they were subdivided into a thousand little independent democratical republics, than they are under their present form, or than they would be under an hereditary despot: then it behoves us to inquire by what, if by any means, this subdivision may be effected, and, which is matter of equal moment, how it can be maintained: but these, for the most part, are airy speculations. If not absolutely hurtful, they are injurious, by being of inferior utility to others which they exclude. If women be ex-

cluded from political functions, it is sufficient that, in this exercise of these functions, their happiness is amply consulted."

"Say what you will," cried the lady, "I shall ever consider it as a gross abuse that we are hindered from sharing with you in the power of chusing our rulers, and of making those laws to which we equally with yourselves are subject."

"We claim the power," rejoined I; "this cannot be denied; but I must maintain, that as long as it is equitably exercised, no alteration is desirable. Shall the young, the poor, the stranger, and the females, be admitted, indiscriminately, to political privileges? Shall we annex no condition to a voter but that he be a thing in human shape, not lunatic, and capable of locomotion; and no qualifications to a candidate but the choice of a majority? Would any benefit result from the change? Will it augment the likelihood that the choice will fall upon the wisest? Will it endow the framers and interpreters of law with more sagacity and moderation than they at present possess?"

"Perhaps not;" said she, "I plead only for my own sex. Want of property, youth, and servile condition, may, possibly, be well-founded objections; but mere sex is a circumstance so purely physical; has so little essential influence beyond what has flowed from the caprice of civil institutions on the qualities of mind or person, that I cannot think of it without impatience. If the law should exclude from all political functions every one who had a mole on

his right cheek, or whose stature did not exceed five feet six inches, who would not condemn, without scruple, so unjust an institution? yet, in truth, the injustice would be less than in the case of women. The distinction is no less futile, but the injury is far greater, since it annihilates the political existence of at least one half of the community."

"But you appeared to grant," said I, "that want of property and servile condition are allowable disqualifications. Now, may not marriage be said to take away both the liberty and property of women? at least, does it not bereave them of that independent judgment which it is just to demand from a voter?"

"Not universally the property," answered she; "so far as it has the effect you mention, was there ever any absurdity more palpable, any injustice more flagrant? But you well know there are cases in which women, by marriage, do not relinquish their property. All women, however, are not wives and wards. Granting that such are disqualified, what shall we say of those who are indisputably single, affluent and independent? Against these no objection, in the slightest degree plausible, can be urged. It would be strange folly to suppose women of this class to be necessarily destitute of those qualities which the station of citizen requires. We have only to examine the pretensions of those who already occupy public stations. Most of them seem not to have attained heights inaccessible to ordinary understandings; and yet the delegation of women,

however opulent and enlightened, would, probably, be a more insupportable shock to the prejudices that prevail among us, than the appointment of a youth of fifteen, or a beggar, or a stranger."

"If this innovation be just," said I, "the period for making it has not arrived. You, Madam, are singular. Women in general do not reason in this manner. They are contented with the post assigned them. If the rights of a citizen were extended to them, they would not employ them—stay till they desire it."

"If they were wise," returned the lady, "they would desire it: meanwhile, it is an act of odious injustice to withhold it. This privilege is their due. By what means have you discovered that they would not exercise it, if it were granted? You cannot imagine but that some would step forth and occupy their station, when the obstruction was removed."

"I know little of women," said I; "I have seldom approached them, much less have I enjoyed their intimate society; yet, as a specimen of the prejudice you spoke of, I must own I should be not a little surprized to hear of a woman preferring her services as president or senator. It would be hard to restrain a smile to see her rise in a popular assembly to discuss some mighty topic. I should gaze as at a prodigy, and listen with a doubting heart: yet I might not refuse devotion to the same woman in the character of household deity. As a mother, pressing a charming babe to her bosom;

as my companion in the paths of love, or poetry, or science; as partaker with me in content, and an elegant sufficiency, her dignity would shine forth in full splendour. Here all would be decency and grace. But as a national ruler; as busied in political intrigues and cares; as intrenched in the paper mounds of a secretary; as burthened with the gravity of a judge; as bearing the standard in battle, or, even as a champion in senatorial warfare, it would be difficult to behold her without regret and disapprobation. These emotions I should not pretend to justify; but such, and so difficult to vanquish, is prejudice."

"Prejudices, countenanced by an experience so specious and universal, cannot be suddenly subdued. I shall tell you, however, my genuine and deliberate opinion on the subject. I have said that the inequality of the sexes was all that could be admitted; that the superiority we deny to men can, with as little justice, be ascribed to women: but this, in the strictest sense, is not true: on the contrary, it must be allowed that women are superior."

"We cannot fail to distinguish between the qualities of mind and those of person. Whatever be the relation between the thinking principle, and the limbs and organs of the body, it is manifest that they are distinct; insomuch, that when we pass judgment on the qualities of the former, the latter is not necessarily taken into view, or included in it. So, when we discourse of our exterior and sensible qualities, we are supposed to exclude from our present con-

sideration, the endowments of the mind. This distinction is loose, but sufficiently accurate for my purpose."

"Have we not abundant reason to conclude that the principle of thought is, in both sexes, the same; that it is subject to like influences; that like motives and situations produce like effects? We are not concerned to know which of the sexes has occupied the foremost place on the stage of human life. They would not be beings of the same nature in whom different causes produced like effects. It is sufficient that we can trace diversity in the effects to a corresponding diversity in the circumstances; that women are such as observation exhibits them, in consequence of those laws which belong to a rational being, and which are common to both sexes: but such, beyond all doubt, must be the result of our inquiries. In this respect, then, the sexes are equal."

"But what opinion must be formed of their exterior or personal qualities? Are not the members and organs of the female body as aptly suited to their purposes as those of the male? The same, indeed, may be asserted of a mouse or a grasshopper; but are not these purposes as wise and dignified, nay, are they not precisely the same? Considering the female frame as the subject of impressions, and the organ of intelligence, it appears to deserve the preference. What shall we say of the acuteness and variety of your sensations; of the smoothness, flexibility, and compass of your voice?"

"Beauty is a doubtful quality. Few men

will scruple to resign the superiority in this respect to women. The truth of this decision may be, perhaps, physically demonstrated ; or, perhaps, all our reasonings are vitiated, by this circumstance, that the reasoner and his auditors are male. We all know in what the sexual distinction consists, and what is the final cause of this distinction. It is easier to conceive than describe that species of attraction which sex annexes to the person. It would be fallacious, perhaps, to infer female superiority, in an absolute and general sense, from the devotion which, in certain cases, we are prone to pay them ; which it is impossible to feel for one of our own sex ; and which is mutually felt : yet, methinks, the inference is inevitable. When I reflect on the equality of mind, and attend to the feelings which are roused in my bosom by the presence of accomplished and lovely women ; by the mere graces of their exterior, even when the magic of their voice sleeps, and the eloquence of their eyes is mute ;—and, for the reality of these feelings, if politeness did not forbid, I might quote the experience of the present moment—I am irresistibly induced to believe, that, of the two sexes, yours is, on the whole, superior.”

“ It is difficult, I know, to reason dispassionately on this subject : witness the universal persuasion of mankind, that in grace, symmetry, and melody, the preference is due to women. Yet, beside that opinion is no criterion of truth but to him that harbours it, when I call upon all human kind as witnesses, it is only one

half of them, the individuals of one sex, that obey my call."

"It may at first appear that men have generally ascribed intellectual pre-eminence to themselves. Nothing, however, can be inferred from this; It is doubtful whether they judge rightly on the question of what is, or is not, intrinsically excellent. Not seldom they have placed their superiority in that which, rightly understood, should have been pregnant with ignominy and humiliation. Should women themselves be found to concur in this belief, that the other sex surpasses them in intelligence, it will avail but little. We must still remember that opinion is evidence of nothing but its own existence. This opinion, indeed, is peculiarly obnoxious. They merely repeat what they have been taught; and their teachers have been men. The prevalence of this opinion, if it does not evince the incurable defects of female capacity, may, at least, be cited to prove in how mournful a degree that capacity has been neglected, or perverted. It is a branch of that prejudice which has so long darkened the world, and taught men that nobles and kings were creatures of an order superior to themselves."

Here the conversation was interrupted by one of the company, who, after listening to us for some time, thought proper at last to approach, and contribute his mite to our mutual edification. I soon after seized an opportunity of withdrawing, but not without requesting, and obtaining permission to repeat my visits.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. FLAMSTEAD.

HE was many years Astronomer Royal at Greenwich Observatory; a humourist, and of warm passions: persons of his profession are often supposed, by the vulgar people, to be capable of foretelling events. To this persuasion, a poor washer-woman at Greenwich, who had been robbed one night, of a large parcel of linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his art, to let her know where her things were, and who robbed her: The Doctor happened to be in the humour to joke; he bid her stay, he would see what he could do, perhaps he might let her know where she might find them; but who the persons were he would not undertake to say, as she could not have any positive proof to convict them, it would be needless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, &c. to amuse her, and after some time told her, if she would go into a particular field, that in such a part of it, in a dry ditch, she would find them all bundled up in a sheet: the woman went and found them, came with great haste and joy to thank the Doctor, and offered him half-a-crown, as a token of gratitude, being as much as she could afford. The doctor, surprised himself, told her, " Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your things, but I assure you I knew nothing of it,

and only intended to joke with you, and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events, not in the human power to tell; but I see the devil has a mind I should deal with him—I am determined I will not, so never come, or send any one to me, any more on such occasions, for I never will attempt such another affair again whilst I live.”

This story Dr. Flamstead told the Rev. and learned Mr. Whiston, his intimate friend.

REVOLUTIONS.

THE following striking description of the state of England, after the civil war between king Charles the First and his Parliament, is taken from a work of Sir William Waller's, lately published. Sir William, it must be remarked, had at one time the command of the parliament forces:—

“To be short, after the expence of so much blood and treasure, all the difference that can be discerned between our former and present state is this, that before time, under the complaint of a slavery, we lived like freemen; and now, under the notion of a freedom, we live like slaves, enforced by continual taxes and oppressions to maintain and feed our own misery. But all this must be borne with patience, as in order to a reformation, of which there cannot be a birth expected in reason without some pain and travail. I deny not but possibly some things in the frame of our state might be amiss, and in a condition fit to be reformed. But is there no means between the tooth-ache and the

plague? between a sore finger and a gangrene? Are we come to Asclepiades's opinion, that every distemper is the possession of the devil? that nothing but extreme remedies, nothing but fire and sword, and conjuring, could be thought upon to help us? Was there no way to effect this, without bringing the whole kingdom in a mortar and making it into a new paste? Those disorders and irregularities, which, through the corruption of time, have grown up amongst us, might in process of time have been well reformed, with a saving to the preservation and consistency of our flourishing condition. But the unbridled insolence of these men hath torn our heads from our shoulders, and dismembered our whole body, not leaving us an entire limb. *Inque omni nusquam corpore corpus.* Like those indiscreet daughters of Peleus, they have cut our throats to cure us. Instead of reforming they have wiped, though not yet cleansed the kingdom, according to that expression in the scriptures, 'As a man wipeth a dish and turneth it upside down.'

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Was governor of Flushing, and general of the horse, under his uncle the Earl of Leicester. His valour, which was esteemed his most shining quality, was not exceeded by any of the heroes of his age; but even this was equalled by his humanity. After he had received his death wound at the battle of Zutphen, and was overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought

him. At the same time a poor soldier was carried along desperately wounded, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle, just as he was lifting it to his mouth; upon which he instantly delivered it to him, with these words: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

This beautiful instance of humanity is worthy of the pencil of the greatest painter.

DESCRIPTION OF A DUTCH FAIR,

From Holcroft's Travels through Holland, and the Netherlands, to Paris.

THE traveller, speaking of the Hague, says: "I came to the great Mall, where ambassadors and distinguished persons, many of them, reside. Here it was that the fair was held; and I walked up the row, to view an exhibition of varied industry and art. Not only the most useful necessities were here, but many of the luxuries and ornaments of life.—A display of the collected powers of the human mind, and the contemplation of them is its highest pleasure.

"I walked forward, and came to show-
booths; bears and tigers within, monkeys and
parrots without. Here, rope-dancers, notori-
ous jugglers, and Dutch buffoons; and there,
a cabinet or museum of natural history, with
all the arcana of philosophy developed, A
whimsical assemblage. But a Dutch fair is not

the only place in which philosophy plays the fool.

“ This is ungenerous in me. Poor philosophy is fallen into such discredit at present, that to bespatter her now is as unmanly as to throw mire at a wretch in the pillory.

“ But what is it that distinguishes a Dutch fair from a fair in England?—This is the difficult part of the picture. The efforts to attract notice, and the arts to get money, every where greatly resemble each other; yet the local shades are sufficiently strong and numerous to form a very different whole. It is the minuteness and multiplicity of them that render them far from easy to describe.

“ I came to an assemblage of booths, the decorations of which were certainly national. Within and without, they were hung with large brass dishes, clean, bright, and embossed with various figures of no ordinary workmanship. What could they mean?—they surely were a kind of signs? The people within were of the lower class: what had they to sell? I inquired, and found it was a kind of greasy cake, or pancake, which they cooked; the sauce to which was drams. The finest ornaments of a hundred kitchens were here exposed to admiration. This was Dutch: what could be so attractive to the guests?

“ Near the same spot, I saw groups of boys, diverting themselves; while peasants stood round, watching and admiring. And what was their dexterous game?—It was, to place a cake of gingerbread, in equilibrium, on the

edge of a hatchet, and, by striking at it with another hatchet, to cut it in two parts.

“ I did not perfectly understand the rules; but it appeared the boy gave a small coin to the vender of gingerbread, for which he had one or more strokes. The place round where he stood was strewed with sand; the gingerbread was purposely made pliant, that it might not easily be divided, and the blow was seldom successful. The cake was dirtied, the boys laughed, and the vexed boy tried again. He obtained his gingerbread, after, perhaps, paying trebly for it, and had the sand into the bargain. It amused the spectators, exercised his ingenuity, and prompted him to better attempts.

“ But the chief thing which affects the eye of a foreigner, as something unusual, is, the general costume; the dresses, physiognomies, and peculiar appearance, of the lower classes, decked in their holiday finery. Broad pewter and silver buckles—large and small buttons, both in excess, and both of ancient usage—some with short vests, and others with coats down to their heels, each of them fitting close, and shewing the waist—projecting hips, the men wearing eight or ten pair of breeches, the women at least as many petticoats—stockings of various colours, not excepting purple, red, and yellow—peasant girls in short jackets, with their gold ornaments and rich Brussels lace—tobacco-pipes, various in their form and size—and countenances with a frequent tinge of the livid—these are a few of the many marks which

catch the stranger's eye and characterise the people."

THE BOULEVARDS.

THE North Boulevards, at Paris, planted with a double row of trees, are thus depicted :

" To go through the catalogue, would be impossible ; it is much too vast. Stalls of dirty books : tressels with toys ; sellers of cakes and canes ; fan-menders, bead-stringers, beggars, quacks, tumblers, and show-booths ; fellows displaying tricks of legerdemain ; venders of miraculous dyes and powders, who dip bits of white ribbon in a liquor that turns them pink ; orators parotting over twopenny systems of geology, and the order of the universe ; teachers of secrets that will enable the buyer to cut glass under water, etch landscapes upon eggshells, engrave portraits by pricking paper with pins and dusting it with lamp-black ; these, intermingled with the display of milliners, linen-drapers, print-sellers, and a variety of trades, continued through an avenue two miles in length, spacious, enlivened, as I have said, with carriages, and adorned by lofty trees, gardens, and hotels, with the gates, or, rather, the triumphal arches, of St. Denis and St. Martin, the structure that was the Opera-house, these, I say, and thousands of other objects, which no memory can retain, if the reader can arrange and put them together, will form a something that he may imagine to be the Boulevards of Paris.

“ What has been said is but a partial and barren abstract of the place. To give a mere table of contents, which, at last, will be very imperfect, to the things already noticed, many others must be added. If contrasted with various of the nations in Europe, the French are an active and industrious people; but, compared to the English, they are great idlers; and, for the class of idlers, the Boulevards is one of the principal places of resort. The consequence of this is, that numbers of those who make it their trade to amuse the idle here take their stations.

“ Beginning at la Rue St. Honoré, and proceeding toward the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, after passing the forlorn columns of la Madeleine, we soon arrive at the garden des Capucines. It formerly belonged to a convent, but the garden and the building are now become the mingled abode of idleness and industry. Here, paper-hangers, cabinet-makers, and other tradesmen, have their warehouses; while, beside them, are petty tailors, barbers, obscure coffee-houses, and billiard-tables, in rooms that scarcely admit the light of day. These are in the cloisters, where the secluded used to walk; and in the rooms, or, if you please, the cells they so lately inhabited.

“ In other compartments, are show-men, great and small: Robertson, and his phantasmagoria; his neighbour, I forget his name, as great a philosopher as himself, who writes hydraulics, and I know not what other bombastic

terms over his door, and intermingles the spouting of water, and the sparkling of gunpowder, to the great astonishment and instruction of the Parisians.

“ At a small distance, in the garden, the panorama of Lyons, and that of Toulon, are or were exhibited ; and opposite to this, is the booth of Franconi, who has taught horses to dance almost as miraculously graceful as Mr. Astley himself, and employs his faculties with scarcely less benefit to the public.

“ Between the two, is their ancient rival, Punchinello, accompanied by king Solomon and all his court; or, at least, by something no less pompous in recital. Will you accept a short extract from a handbill which the prime minister of this renowned person distributes at his door ?

‘ Punchinello to the Ladies.

‘ Here I am, Ladies ! After a trip into the country, you find me again in the garden of the Capucines, near the iron gate that faces the Boulevard Caumartin.

‘ Wherever you tread, we but follow your traces ;
The hotel’s a hut, unadorn’d by the graces.
Embellish’d and honour’d, our booth we compare
To the seat of the gods, when the ladies are there.

THE LADIES.—Punchinello is gallant !

PUNCHINELLO.—Ladies, I am but the echo of the whole universe.’

“ From the fine words of Mr. Punchinello, it would be natural to conclude he was a person of consequence, and had some extraordinary

place and apparatus for the display of his feats. I defy the reader to imagine any thing more mean, poverty-struck, and dirty, than him and his whole paraphernalia. It was comic beyond the power of description, yet almost afflicting, to look at and listen to the man who harangued, and distributed these bills: he was wretchedness personified. And then!—the passing graces! to whom he thus poetically addressed himself! The ladies, that were to embellish his booth, and render it the abode of the gods! Well, well; he only spoke the language of, and pretended to be no more than the echo of, the universe, entire.

“ Let it not be imagined that this is a solitary instance of the grace, the gallantry, and the poetry, of Paris; similar and even more extraordinary proofs occur in every corner. They are so numerous, that the difficulty is to select. How does it happen that they so often pass unnoticed? We all walk through the world with our eyes shut, or this would be a very instructive book.”

For the Monthly Visitor.

FROM a very excellent translation of some of the most valuable writings of the pious and venerable Fenelon, which has just appeared before the public, entitled *Lessons of Fenelon*, by M. de Levisac, we have extracted, for the perusal of our juvenile readers, the fol-

lowing dialogues between Democritus and Heraclitus, and Herodotus and Lucian, in which is given the opinion entertained of some of the ancients, by that illustrious character.

A Comparison between Democritus and Heraclitus, in which is shewn the superiority of the latter, as the more humane.

DEMOCRITUS. I cannot adopt a melancholy philosophy.

Heraclitus. Nor I a gay. Wisdom sees nothing in the world which is not perverse, and which does not displease.

Democritus. You take things too seriously; and that does you harm.

Heraclitus. You take them too jestingly: your air of sarcasm is rather that of a satyr than a philosopher. Are you not moved by seeing the human race so blind, so corrupted, so astray?

Democritus. I am much more moved by seeing it so impertinent and ridiculous.

Heraclitus. But, after all, this human race at which you laugh is the whole world in which you live: it is the society of your friends, of your family, of yourself.

Democritus. I care but little for all the madmen I see, and I think myself wise in laughing at them.

Heraclitus. If they are mad, it is scarcely wise or good in you not to pity them, or thus to insult their folly: besides, who has convinced you that you are not as extravagant as they?

Democritus. I cannot be; because I think of every thing contrarily to what they think.

Heraclitus. There are follies of many kinds. Perhaps, by dint of contradicting the follies of others, you run yourself into a contrary extreme, not less foolish.

Democritus. Think what you please, weep for me also, if you have tears left: for myself, I am satisfied with laughing at madmen. Are not all men such? Answer me.

Heraclitus. Alas! they are but too much so, and this it is that afflicts me: we agree in this point, that men do not follow reason. But I am not willing to do as they do; I would follow reason, which obliges me to love them; and this love fills me with compassion for their wanderings. Do I do wrong in pitying my fellow creatures---my brothers; those who are, as it were, part of myself? If you enter an hospital for the wounded, do you laugh at their wounds? The sores of the body are nothing in comparison with those of the mind: you would need to blush for your cruelty, if you had laughed at a wretch who had lost his leg; and you have the inhumanity to laugh at a whole world, which has lost its reason!

Democritus. He that has lost his leg is to be pitied, because he has not been deprived of this member by himself; but he that has lost his reason has lost it through his own fault.

Heraclitus. Ah! that is the very claim to pity. A madman who had torn out his eye, would be more worthy of compassion than the common blind.

Democritus. Let us meet each other, there is some justification for us both. There is in every thing a part to laugh at, and a part to be wept for. The world is ridiculous, and I laugh at it; it is deplorable and you weep over it. Every one looks at it in his own manner, and according to his temper. This is certain: the world is perverse. To do well, we must think differently from the multitude: to govern themselves by the authority and general example of mankind, is the conduct of the mad.

Heracitus. All this is true; but you love nothing, and the evil of others delights you: this is to love neither man, or the virtue he forsakes.

HERODOTUS AND LUCIAN.

Shewing the credulity of the one, and the incredulity of the other.

HERODOTUS. Ha! welcome, my friend. Though you have made so many celebrated men gossip on their passage in Charon's boat, you do not seem disposed to jest yourself. You are come, then, in your turn, to the banks of the Styx. You was in the right when you ridiculed tyrants and villains; but why did you ridicule me?

Lucian. When did I ridicule you? You are seeking a quarrel.

Herodotus. In your True History and elsewhere, you speak of my relations as of fables.

Lucian. Was I in the wrong? How many things have you advanced on the authority of

priests, and other persons, who always deal in the mysterious and marvellous?

Herodotus. Atheist! you have no faith in religion.

Lucian. To satisfy men of sense, there must be a religion more pure and serious than that of Jupiter and Venus, of Mars, Apollo, and the other gods. That you received it was so much the worse for you.

Herodotus. But you had an equal contempt for philosophy: you held nothing sacred.

Lucian. I despised the gods, because the poets had represented them to us as the most worthless of beings. As for the philosophers, they made a show of loving virtue, but gave all their affections to vice. Had they been really philosophers, I should have respected them.

Herodotus. Socrates, too, in what way have you treated him? Was he in the wrong or you? Answer.

Lucian. It is true, I have joked on certain things of which he has been accused; but I have not seriously condemned him.

Herodotus. Is it justifiable to joke at the expence of so great a man, on the subject of serious calumnies? But, confess the truth; you thought of nothing but laughter, of joking with every thing, of pointing out the ridiculous in every quarter, and not of putting yourself to the trouble of establishing one solid fact.

Lucian. What! have I not lashed vices? Have I not blasted those of the great who abuse their greatness; have I not raised to its

loftiest pitch the contempt for wealth and luxury?

Herodotus. It is true, you have spoken well of virtue; but your object was the censure of all mankind. Yours was rather a taste for satire, than a sentiment of solid philosophy. You even praised virtue, without ascending to the principles of religion and philosophy, which are its true foundations.

Lucian. I! You reason better here than you did in your great Travels; but let us be friends: the truth is, I was not credulous enough; you, too much so.

Herodotus. Ah! still yourself! turning every thing to jest. Is it not time that your shade acquired a degree of gravity?

Lucian. Gravity! I am sick of gravity, thro' having seen so many men have it no where but on the outside. I was surrounded by philosophers who piqued themselves upon it, and who had neither fidelity, justice, friendship, moderation, or modesty.

Herodotus. You talk of the philosophers of your time, who were degenerated; but——

Lucian. What then would you have had me do! Ought I to have seen those who were dead many ages before I was born? I do not recollect to have been at the siege of Troy, like Pythagoras.

Herodotus. Jestings, again! And these are your answers to solid reasonings! I wish that, for your punishment, the gods, in whom you would not believe, had sent your soul into the

body of some traveller, who should have visited all the countries of which I have related things that you call fabulous.

Lucian. After that, I should have nothing else to do but pass from body to body through all the sectarians of philosophy whom I have described; by which I should be by turns of all the different opinions I have ridiculed. This would be very amusive: but you have talked of things almost credible.

Herodotus. Be gone; I leave you: I shall console myself in the company of Homer, Socrates, and Pythagoras, whom you have spared no more than me; with Plato too, who taught you the art of dialogue-writing, though you have ridiculed his philosophy.

DESCRIPTION OF LONDON,

IN THE 14TH CENTURY.

(Concluded from page 231, vol. 5.)

"LONDON also in the time of Chaucer contained several royal palaces. The Tower was long a principal residence of our kings; beside which, they had a smaller mansion very near it, called the Royal, a second, south of St. Paul's, called the Wardrobe, and a third, nearly on the scite of the present Bridewell. This city was besides adorned with various monasteries, the chief of which were the Temple, which had lately been the residence of the Knights Templars, but was now in the occupation of the students at law, and the mo-

nastery of St. John, belonging to the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem, a gate of which is remaining to this day. It had many other buildings, which, relatively to the times we are considering, might be styled magnificent.

“ The population of London is stated by Peter of Blois, a man of talents, and, for the time in which he lived, an elegant writer of Latin, at forty thousand persons in the reign of king Stephen. In the reign of Edward the First, and the year 1285, the twenty-four wards of London are enumerated in a charter of that monarch, nearly as at present; so that London must then have occupied the same space of ground as the city of London now occupies. We must not, however, suppose that this space was covered with inhabitants: Cheapside, for example, we are told, was ‘ no manner of street, but a fair large place, commonly called Crown Field, and tournaments were held there in the reign of Edward III.’ Among the environs of London, we find enumerated the villages of Strand, Charing, and Holborn.

“ Respecting the population of London, in the year 1349, when Chaucer was already twenty-one years of age, we have a ground of calculation of singular authenticity. That was a period when Europe, and nearly the whole known world, was afflicted with a pestilence, more terrible than perhaps any other in the records of mankind. In England, our old historians assure us, that scarcely the tenth person was left alive. Sir Walter Manney, one of the

most distinguished warriors and courtiers of Edward III, purchased at this time a piece of ground, now the scite of the Charter-House, for the interment of such persons as the churches and churchyards of London might not suffice to bury; and it appears from an inscription on a stone cross erected on the spot, which remained in the time of these historians, that more than fifty thousand persons were buried in this ground in the space of one year. Maitland, in his History of London, very naturally observes, that this cannot be supposed to exceed the amount of one half of the persons who died in that period; one hundred thousand persons therefore may safely be taken to be a part, whatever part we may choose to imagine it, of the population of London at that period.

“Nor did the wealth and commerce of London by any means fail of their due proportion to the number of its inhabitants. Of this many striking examples may be produced. The father of Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and lord chancellor to King Richard the Second, was a merchant; and the first cause of the subsequent eminence of the son was, the loans of money advanced at several times by the father to Edward III, to assist in the prosecution of his wars in France.

“In the year next after the battle of Poitiers, Henry Picard, vintner, or wine merchant, mayor of London, gave a sumptuous entertainment to four kings; Edward, king of England; John, king of France; David, king of Scots; and the king of Cyprus. The cir-

cumstances of the entertainment are thus characteristically described by the old historian. 'After dinner, the sayd Henry Picard kept his hall against all commers whosoever, that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner, the ladie Margaret his wife did also keepe her chamber to the same intent. The king of Cipres playing with Henry Picard in his hall, did winne of him fiftie marks, but Henry, being very skilfull in that arte, altering his hand, did after winne of the same king the same fiftie markes and fiftie markes more, which when the same king began to take in ill parte, although hee dissembled the same, Henry sayd unto him, My lord and king, be not agreeved, I covet not your gold but your play, for I have not bidde you hither that I might greeve you, but that, amongst other things, I might trie your play; and gave him his money againe, plentifully bestowing of his owne amongst the retinue; besides, hee gave many rich giftes to the king and other nobles and knightes which dined with him.'

"In the second year of King Richard the Second, John Mercer, a Scotchman, having fitted out a piratical fleet against the English, John Philpot, a citizen of London, whom we shall have occasion again to mention in the course of this history, hired with his own money to the number of a thousand soldiers; and putting to sea, in a short time took the said John Mercer, with all his prizes, and fifteen valuable Spanish ships which he had drawn to his assistance.

“ In the same reign, Sir Richard Whittington, mayor of London, of whom so many traditional and improbable stories are told, rebuilt at his own expence the jail of Newgate, the library of the Gray Friars, the hospital of Little St. Bartholomew's, and a college near St. Paul's, which was called after his own name.

“ The story of Sir William Walworth's contention with Wat Tyler, and the gallantry and high spirit he displayed on the occasion, are too well known to need to be recited here. The increase of the towns and the progress of commerce were the immediate causes of that great revolution in the thirteenth century, the rise of the commons; and we shall be at a loss to understand many circumstances in the history of this period, if we do not distinctly recollect that the wealthy merchants of England, and the neighbouring countries, were now enabled to enter into a sort of rivalry with the ancient barons, which these latter wished perhaps, but were not able to despise. The citizens had not yet learned the sordid habits of later times, and appear to have copied with success the purest models that were afforded them by their contemporaries. The father of Chaucer is conjectured by one of his editors to have been, like Henry Picard, a viptner, or merchant of the vintry. Such then were the scenes which our poet first beheld, and the description of persons with whom his infant years were connected.”

ESSAY ON THE STAGE.

Tu. quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aula manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat-----

HORACE.

(Concluded from page 401.)

WOULD performers but allow themselves to be persuaded of these truths, they would find, by the increased applause of those whose approbation is worth seeking, that Mr. Garrick was right, when, speaking of an innovation similar to what I have advised, he said,

“ It is not heresy, but reformation.”

If they take the trouble of reading attentively, the instructions of Hamlet to his company of players, they will there, in a very few lines, find almost every direction they require, to produce eminence in the technical part of their profession. Indeed, it is surprising how so admirable a set of precepts, which must frequently meet the ears of actors, can be so entirely disregarded by them. Still more surprising is it to find performers themselves, during the actual delivery of it, and in the performance of that character of which it constitutes a part, to completely and palpably to violate their own precepts.

It is a trite, but most just observation, that "those who make others feel, must feel themselves." In the pulpit, the orator who, as the vulgar expression styles it, is in earnest, will hardly fail of producing emotion and effect. At the bar, counsel, thoroughly convinced of the justice of his client's case, will make a proportional impression on a court. But, on the stage, to feel the influence of an assumed character operating to the perfect concealment of the natural one; for "the short hour" to really become the individual personated; to allow a natural * and vivid conception of the character, to sway the thoughts and feelings, as well as to prompt and govern the deportment and action, of the performer: this is the true secret of perfect acting.

Without this indispensable requisite, all the pomp or elegance of recitation, the skilful adjustment of action, with every grace to be acquired by the instructions of the looking-glass, are in vain. Nay, to the eye of the true critic, they may operate in an inverse degree to the pains taken to acquire them. If an actor fully enters into the spirit of his part, after having given it an attentive consideration in his closet, by the light of his own sense and feelings, that sense, and those feelings, will certainly prompt the proper utterance, and accompany it with the proper action, without the assist-

* He who, in earnest, studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling around his heart.

ance of slavish imitation or artificial adjustment. A considerable fault in Mr. Kemble's acting consists in a certain identity and sameness he introduces into all his characters.

"Still self, like oil, upon the surface plays."

We anticipate the effect about to be produced: for, however novel the character may have been drawn by the author, we enjoy it beforehand by our perfect acquaintance with its representative.

"Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, still 'twas Quin."

One or two faults that I have mentioned in Mr. Kemble's performance, though they prevent absolute perfection, hinder us not from pronouncing, and indeed feeling, him a very powerful and finished actor. Unrivalled in expressive countenance, dignified figure, and graceful deportment, it is not flattery to say that, in most characters of tragedy and serious comedy, he is above competition. Did not this conscious superiority not unfrequently paralise the efforts of exertion: could a versatility of powers be superadded to those peculiar ones, whose astonishing effects we have all felt: could art be kept more in the back ground, we might then, and then only, expect to witness perfection.

In speaking of Mr. Kemble's professional abilities, I should do injustice to one of the most finished pieces of acting the stage ever exhibited, was I to neglect particularizing his *Coriolanus*. The classical dignity and muscular

strength of his figure; the happy mixture of aristocratical and military pride; the heroic contempt of personal danger and personal compliment, so accurately present the conqueror of the Volscians to our view, that the stage is transformed into classic ground. I do not know whether it is to be considered as a compliment to say, that Mr. Kemble's particular excellence, in this part, is less to be wondered at, as the character seems, in a good measure, congenial with his own.

A visible imitation of some favourite model, is one of the faults most difficult, yet most necessary, to be avoided by an actor. In our conception of a character we are so apt to identify the part itself with the manner of the performer who has pleased us in it, that, in studying it for representation, the actor will be less inclined to investigate it by his own sense and feelings, than to take his conception, on trust, from another. This is sometimes done by a kind of tacit consent of the mind, unknown even to the imitator himself; or, at all events, palliated by the trite quotation, "to copy nature, is to copy him." But when we behold even a good performer exhibited thus at second-hand, by the laborious exertions of visible imitation, it cannot fail to produce a caricature disgusting to the audience, and disgraceful to the exhibitor. It reminds me of a simile applied, by Cervantes, to another subject; and I almost think I behold the resemblance of some object in tapestry; but at the wrong side; where irregularity of surface, and confusion of outline

and colour, lead us to form a very humiliating guess at the accuracy of design, and elegance of finishing at the other side.

The applause with which the German drama has been received on our stages, and the effect it has produced on public taste, form an important æra in theatrical history. I remember it was once proposed, as a prize question, by the Royal Academy of Ireland, to investigate the effects of German literature, in general, on the taste, morals, manners, of these countries.— This comprehensive question it is not, at present, necessary to answer. I think, however, as far as it relates to the stage, there can be but little contrariety of opinion. That many of the German dramas possess a kind of fascinating effect on vivid feelings and a warm heart, most of us must confess. When, however, we come rationally to examine and account for this effect, our approbation will be considerably qualified. We find every thing calculated, without almost any other consideration, to produce theatrical emotion and stage effect. False morality is hid beneath the glittering decorations of sentiment and feeling; the carpenter and the mechanist are depended upon as chief aids to the poet; situations and occurrences the most improbable, perhaps impossible, we forget to censure, hurried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. I will not object to these productions, that they violate what have been termed the rules of the drama; I mean the scholastic unities of time and place. Our own poets have

proved that the neglect of them is far from being incompatible with dramatic excellence.

But the German muse has not always confined herself even within the limits of these errors. We have seen the most horrible excess of extravagant passion, exhibited for the applause of a British audience! Unconfined even by the dictates of human reason, the rants of the hero have been mixed with the flights of the maniac: catastrophes, the most horrible, have been coolly achieved, even without the shallow plea of theatrical necessity, much less without the propriety of poetical justice; and old Renault's direction to shed blood enough, has been strictly followed, to the letter. The whole of this motley compound has been interlarded with an affectation of metaphysical refinement and shallow sophistry, which, even at first sight, is incapable of veiling the horrors they are intended to decorate.

It is not wonderful that, even in the phlegmatic bosoms of Germans, such representations should produce imitative effects of considerable atrocity; and, I believe, one city in particular beheld an attempt at realizing the Robbers of Schiller. The youth of some other countries might, perhaps, not be behindhand in a similar species of emulation.

Before I take leave of the subject of theatrical entertainments, I cannot help expressing the uneasiness which the mind will naturally feel at contemplating a circumstance too often exemplified. I allude to that melancholy termination of the splendid career of many, whose

abilities have been the brightest ornaments of the stage, Too fatally careless of often large incomes, and forgetting that these depended but on the exertion of those talents which procured them, we have too frequently witnessed a very distressing object, the worn-out son of genius, unsupported by those aids which alone can confer comfort and dignity on old age.

The pride of human strength is too apt to flatter itself, and, confiding in presumed permanency, to think the time will scarcely come, when those intellects, that energy, that vivacity, will either sink at once into sudden ruin; or dwindling by degrees, like the expiring taper, serve but to give a faint idea of what they might once have been.

Hence have we seen, with pity, on our stages, the tottering step and nerveless arm still endeavour at juvenile exertion; still strive, with trembling hand, to wield the sword of the hero; or force up melancholy vivacity into a countenance marked by the iron finger of age. Nay, have we not known females, whose splendid talents and personal attractions once commanded wealth, honours, estimation: for whose smile the pride of birth, the rivalry of riches, the enthusiasm of genius contended! Have we not seen them, when considered by a fickle taste, as no longer worthy of public applause or private pursuit, driven, by pecuniary distress, to the very verge of suicide! or languishing in penury, and dying, almost of want, in distant obscurity?

That personal error may have concurred in

producing these melancholy catastrophes, I shall not deny. But, if assistance and relief is held out only to those whose calamities have, at no one time, originated from themselves: if the opportunity shall not be offered to error to retrace with contrition, its wanderings, whilst the lash of suffering is suspended: if no friendly hand, urged by gratitude for entertainment and instruction received, is held forth, to arrest the step of frailty, till it lapses into vice—then is the genuine spirit of philanthropy no more!

Among the various benevolent institutions of these countries, I have often wondered that the theatrical fund, as it is termed, has been suffered to dwindle into impotence and obscurity! Its existence has been abandoned to the paltry support of a single benefit-night, or the pittance wrung from the weekly sum that goes to the sole support of, perhaps, a helpless family! That Garrick, at his death, though possessed of wealth that might have given scope to even the prodigality of benevolence, should have bequeathed this fund a trifling sum, insufficient to the purchase of one of the paintings that decorated his villa, is not to be wondered at. It is humiliating to human nature to think that the fire of genius so often blazes but by the breath of avarice! He felt not for sufferings he had never known!

Did one or two benevolent characters, of sufficient consequence to add dignity and weight to the measure, bestow their countenance and protection on the theatrical fund, the public might be spared, in future, the contem-

plation of calamities such as I have described. Even detached corporate bodies, the provision for whose decayed members has usually been looked upon as a duty pressing solely on those bodies themselves, have frequently received the general and cheerful aid of the public. And when we reflect, that the British Musical Fund has received the condescending and scientific protection of a prince, in whose character, amid the more exalted virtues, we trace the discriminating patron of genius and the arts; that, under this support of his present Majesty, the Musical Fund has encreased to permanent magnitude and scientific respect; we may trust that benevolence and power will concur to make the evening of that life happy, whose morning and noon were spent in contributing to the happiness of the public.*

* It may be, perhaps, said, that whilst the theatrical fund is possessed of a considerable capital, and, therefore, admits of considerable expenditure, such appeals as I have above made, are unnecessary. As long, however, as it continues to afford relief only in proportion to the weekly sum contributed by the claimant: as long as even a temporary intermission of this contribution deprives the individual of what he looked forward to, as his sole support in sickness or old age—so long will the present theatrical fund, by holding out substantial relief only to those who will, probably, never want it, be unable to fulfil the original idea of its formation, and what should be its chief end, in comfortably providing for its poor and decayed members.

For the Monthly Visitor.

FROM a most excellent Sermon, lately published, entitled "Sentiments proper to the present Crisis," and lately preached at Bridge-Street, Bristol, by Robert Hall, we cannot resist the temptation of extracting the following sentiments, which must come home to the bosom of every Englishman, with all that force of expression and feeling for which this character is so justly distinguished.

"HOW it may please the Ruler of the universe to dispose the destinies of the two most powerful nations of the earth, which are at this moment laid in the balance together, it is impossible for us with certainty to predict. But when we consider how many of his sincere worshippers, how large a portion of his church, together with how rich a fund of wisdom, of talents, and of all those elements of social order and happiness which he must approve, are inclosed within the limits of this highly-favoured land, we cannot believe he intends to give it up a prey to his enemies. Our insular situation is favourable, our resources prodigious, and the preparations which have long been making, apparently every way equal to the danger of the crisis; but still we would place our ultimate reliance on Him who abases the proud, and exalts the lowly. It would be presumption to imagine it in my power, to add any

thing to those considerations, which have already produced such a genetal movement in defence of our liberties. The cause speaks for itself: it excites feelings which words are ill able to express; involving every object and motive which can engage the solicitude, affect the interests, or inflame the heart of man. After a series of provocations and injuries, reciprocally sustained and retaliated, the dispute betwixt us and our enemies is brought to a short issue: it is no longer which of the two nations shall have the ascendant, but which shall continue a nation: it is a struggle for existence, not for empire. It must surely be regarded as a happy circumstance, that the contest did not take this shape at an earlier period, while many were deceived by certain specious pretences of liberty, into a favourable opinion of our enemies' designs. The popular delusion is passed; the most unexampled prodigies of guilt have dispelled it; and, after a series of rapine and cruelty, have torn from every heart the last fibres of mistaken partiality. The crimes of those with whom we have to contend are legible in every part of Europe. There is scarcely a man to be found who is not most perfectly acquainted with the meaning of that freedom they profess to bestow; that it is a freedom from the dominion of laws, to pass under the yoke of slavery, and from the fear of God, to plunge into crimes and impiety; an impious barter of all that is good for all that is ill, through the utmost range and limits of moral destiny. Nor is it less easy to develop the

character of our principal enemy. A man bred in the school of ferocity, amidst the din of arms, and the tumult of camps; his element, war and confusion; who has changed his religion with his uniform, who has not spared the assassination of his own troops: it is easy to foresee what treatment such a man will give to his enemies, should they fall into his power; to those enemies especially, who, saved from the shipwreck of nations, are preserving, as in an ark, the precious remains of civilization and order, and whom, after destroying the liberties of every other country, he envies the melancholy distinction of being the only people he has not enslaved. Engaged with such an enemy, no weak hopes of moderation or clemency can tempt us for a moment to relax in our resistance to his power, and the only alternative which remains is, to conquer or to die.

Hence that unexampled unanimity which distinguishes the present season. In other wars we have been a divided people; the effect of our external operations has been, in some measure, weakened by intestine dissension. When peace has returned, the breach has widened; while parties have been formed on the merits of particular men, or of particular measures. These have all disappeared; we have buried our mutual animosities in a regard to the common safety. The sentiment of self-preservation, the first law which nature has impressed, has absorbed every other feeling; and the fire of liberty has melted down the discordant sentiments and minds of the Bri-

tish Empire into one mass, and propelled them in one direction. Partial interests and feelings are suspended, the spirits of the body are collected at the heart, and we are awaiting with anxiety, but without dismay, the discharge of that mighty tempest which hangs upon the skirts of the horizon, and to which the eyes of Europe, and of the world, are turned in silent and awful expectation. While we feel solicitude, let us not betray dejection; nor be alarmed at the past successes of the enemy; which are more dangerous to himself than to us, since they have raised him from obscurity to an elevation which has made him giddy, and tempted him to suppose every thing within his power. The intoxication of his success is the omen of his fall. What, though he has carried the flames of war throughout Europe, and *gathered as a nest the riches of the nations, while none slept, nor muttered, nor moved the wing*; he has yet to try his fortune in another field; he has yet to contend on a soil filled with the monuments of freedom, enriched with the blood of its defenders; with a people who, animated with one soul, and inflamed with zeal, for their laws and for their prince, are armed in defence of all that is dear or venerable; their wives, their parents, their children, the sanctuary of God, and the sepulchre of their fathers. We will not suppose there is one who will be deterred from exerting himself in such a cause, by a pusillanimous regard to his safety, when he reflects that he has already lived too long who has survived the ruin of his country; and that he who

can enjoy life after such an event, deserves not to have lived at all. It will suffice us, if our mortal existence, which is at most but a span, be co-extended with that of the nation which gave us birth. We will gladly quit the scene, with all that is noble and august, innocent and holy ; and instead of wishing to survive the oppression of weakness, the violation of beauty, and the extinction of every thing on which the heart can repose, welcome the shades which will hide from our view such horrors.

From the most fixed principles of human nature, as well as from the examples of all history, we may be certain, the conquest of this country, should it be permitted to take place, will not terminate in any ordinary catastrophe, in any much less calamitous than utter extermination. Our present elevation will be the exact measure of our future depression, as it will measure the fears and jealousies of those who subdue us. While the smallest vestige remains of our former greatness, while any trace or memorial exists of our having been once a flourishing and independent empire, while the nation breathes, they will be afraid of its recovering its strength, and never think themselves secure of their conquest till our navy is consumed, our wealth dissipated, our commerce extinguished, every liberal institution abolished, our nobles extirpated ; whatever in rank, character, and talents, gives distinction in society, called out and destroyed, and the refuse which remains swept together into a putrifying heap, by the besom of destruction. The enemy will not

need to proclaim his triumph; it will be felt in the more expressive silence of extended desolation.

Recollect for a moment his invasion of Egypt, a country which had never given him the slightest provocation; a country so remote from the scene of his crimes, that it probably did not know there was such a man in existence; (happy ignorance, could it have lasted!) but while he was looking around him, like a vulture, perched on an eminence, for objects on which he might gratify his insatiable thirst of rapine, he no sooner beheld the defenceless condition of that unhappy country, than he alighted upon it in a moment. In vain did it struggle, flap its wings, and rend the air with its shrieks, the cruel enemy, deaf to its cries, had infixed his talons, and was busy in sucking its blood, when the interference of a superior power forced him to relinquish his prey, and betake himself to flight. Will that vulture, think you, ever forget his disappointment on that occasion, or the numerous wounds, blows, and concussions, he received in a ten years struggle? It is impossible. It were folly to expect it. He meditates, no doubt, the deepest revenge. He who saw nothing in the simple manners and blood-bought liberties of the Swiss to engage his forbearance; nothing in proclaiming himself a Mahometan, to revolt his conscience; nothing in the condition of defenceless prisoners to excite his pity, nor in that of the companions of his warfare, sick and wounded in a foreign land, to prevent him from dispatching

them by poison, will treat in a manner worthy of the impiety and inhumanity of his character, a nation which he naturally dislikes as being free, dreads as the rivals of his power, and abhors as the author of his disgrace.

Though these are undoubted truths, and ought to be seriously considered, yet I would rather choose to appeal to sentiments more elevated than such topics can inspire. To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere, who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode: but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically, placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled; in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of

the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct, at this moment, depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good: the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every suspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war.

Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid. She will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ their prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the spirit; and from myriads of humble and contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms.

While you have every thing to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success; so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction, (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; virtue will atone for the outrages of fortune, by conducting you to immortality: your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead; while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period, (and they will incessantly revolve them,) will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevat-

ed seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to *swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever*, they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, *gird on thy sword: thou Most Mighty*: go forth with our hosts in the day of battle. Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence: pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes: inspire them with thine own; and, while led by thine hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld, by the same illumination, chariots of fire, and horses of fire. *Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them."*

Beauties of the Drama.

*Scene from the popular Comedy of THE SOLDIER'S
DAUGHTER.*

MODERN RAILLERY.

Widow. HA, ha, ha! Upon my word, sir, I perceive you are perfectly an adept in fashionable manners, and stand upon little ceremony.

Frank H. None at all, Madam; we merchants pride ourselves upon the bluntness of our manners and the plainness of our dealings.

Widow. Indeed, Sir?

Frank H. Yes, indeed, Madam; we'll transact you an hundred thousand pounds worth of business in a morning, without so much as a yes or a no; the pen that crosses the mouth is an emblem of silence; but, if we are compelled to answer questions, we always keep in the counting-house a dumb, but candid, orator, that is sure to speak honourably for us.

Widow. A dumb and honourable orator!—who is that, pray?

Frank H. The Ledger.

Widow. But now you are out of the counting-house, I perceive *your* eloquence is not of that mute nature—you are no ledger.

Frank H. You shall find me as faithful, madam.

Widow. 'Tis not my business to examine your accounts, sir; but should I bring you to book, notwithstanding all your boasted regularity, there is something in that sly countenance that tells me you have *sometimes* staked your credit at too great

a venture. In the case of a *consignment* now, we'll say—for instance—a lady's heart—

Frank H. Oh!—Errors excepted!

Widow. What! you own it, do you?

Frank H. Yes, madam, in a mercantile way. Look you, madam: I am a plain fellow; neither more nor less than the character I boast, and hope I shall never disgrace—an *English Merchant*—I throw down no man's inclosure, trample upon no man's corn, take nothing from the industrious labourer, pay the poor man for his work, and communicate my profit with mankind: I trust I have a heart to succour the distressed, and what I can fairly spare I distribute freely. If you can take for granted an odd wild fellow's report of himself, there it is—you have it, madam.

Widow. Why, really, sir, I never heard a better character; and if you could contrive to get it backed by the churchwardens of your parish, I might, perhaps, give a little credit to it.

Frank H. Well, madam; if you cannot credit the character you have just now had of me, from a devilish honest fellow, I must even refer you to your friend Mr. Ferret. He, perhaps, may be better acquainted with me than I am with myself; he knows me.

Widow. He hinted as much. (*dryly.*)

Frank H. Did he?—then that's all you can expect from him. He hinted to me that he knew *you*—but the devil a syllable more could I get out of the old close-lipped curmudgeon.

Widow. My situation, sir, is above disguise. I am the daughter of a gallant officer, who served his country nobly; and, retiring to the humble vale of rural seclusion, at an advanced age he died, bequeathing to his son and daughter his sole possessions—his laurels and his honour.

Frank H. Enviably, madam, though not substantial.

Widow. Now, sir, I am my own mistress—accountable for my actions to no person living.

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. I am a single woman—

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. But have been married—

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. My husband dead—

Frank H. (aside) Thank Heaven!—I know that too.

Widow. A free disencumbered estate—

Frank H. Damn the estate! I beg your pardon, Ma'am—don't mention the estate. You are single—that's enough: you have been married—did you like the state?

Widow. Yes—I think I did.

Frank H. Humph—think you did!—Fond of your husband?

Widow. Humph—Y—es—I think I was: I was married but three years—didn't see much of him.

Frank H. Wha—wha—what!—not in three years?

Widow. No. The sports of the field charmed him from his home always at day-break: himself and his friends generally returned in the evening, time enough for a late dinner—drank their wine, and went to bed. The next morning—

Frank H. Well, madam—the next morning?

Widow. The same career commenced again; and so on to the end of the *third chapter*.

Frank. And, for heaven's sake, madam, how did you behave?

Widow. Why, sir—how *should* I behave?

Frank. Upon my soul, I can't tell, madam;—but I think I could contrive to get you a les-

son in some married family between Piccadilly and Aldgate.

Widow. I was always happy to see him return in health and spirits. His eyes sparkled with pleasure when I met him at the gate; and, as he introduced me to each new guest, he would say, "This is my wife—look at her—she has a heart as open as my wine cellar. My hall is heaven to me whenever I enter it. Kiss me, my girl; make my friends welcome, and let's have a good dinner."

Frank H. And though thus neglected you complied?

Widow. Neglected? I never felt it in that sense. The strong prejudice of his education rendered his habits unconquerable; an attempt to counteract them on my side must naturally produce strife: besides, it was his only failing; for he was open, generous, hospitable, and manly; his whole estate was at my disposal, either to gratify my vanity in all the little time-serving foppery of my sex, or in the more solid sensations of relieving human misery.

Frank H. How shall I convince you that I love you?

Widow. To what purpose would you convince me? You have a heart ventured on another voyage: when it returns you may calculate the profit and loss; if you find it still marketable, perhaps the bargain may be offer'd—to our house.

Frank H. Though you speak in my own phraise, I don't understand you, Madam.

Widow. No, that's surprising: pray, Sir, have you not visited another lady in this house?

Frank H. Madam—a—no—'ther lady.

Widow. Yes, Sir, another lady; to whom you were pleased to say, as I am inform'd, abundance of civil things.

Frank H. Madam!

Widow. You are much struck with her person, and felt a lively concern for her misfortunes.

Frank H. Upon my honour, Madam, you, you, (*aside*) yes, at it again: another scrape!

Widow. A husband will sometimes be an unmannerly intruder; and if a gentleman can sneak out of such a situation with a whole skin.

Frank H. He certainly has no right to be displeased with his adventure.

Widow. Am I right, Sir?

Frank H. Yes, Madam, the *entries* are pretty fair; but as to the sum total—

Widow. Oh! *Errors excepted!*

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha! That I have accidentally conversed with a lady in this house, does not admit of a doubt: but let the result of that interview be what it may, my heart approves, and my conscience cannot reproach me with it.

Enter a Footman.

Footman. Mrs. Malfort, if you are alone, Madam, would speak with you on particular business.

Widow. (*aside*) Now for it! I am alone: beg of her to step in. [*Exit Footman.*]

Frank H. I'll retire, Madam.

Widow. Oh, by no means! You know the lady.

Frank H. Not I, Madam. Malfort! I know no lady of the name.

Widow. [*significantly*] Indeed, Sir?

Frank H. No; indeed, Madam—I have heard my uncle mention a gentleman of that name, a very intimate friend of his, now, I believe, in the Indies.

Widow. But no lady of that name comes within the circle of your acquaintance?

Fran H. No, upon my honour, Madam.

VIEW NEAR MALTA.

THE annexed engraving, is copied from a drawing taken in the neighbourhood of Malta, which place is situated on the south of Sicily, 24 miles long, and 16 broad. This island was given in 1530 by the emperor, Charles V. to the knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, after the Turks had dispossessed them of the island of Rhodes. The order of Malta is composed of seven knights, viz. one for France, Provence, Auvergne, Arragon, Castile, Italy, and Germany. They are obliged to prove their nobility from father and mother before they can be admitted. The number of the knights is 1000, 500 of whom must reside in the island. Population about 50,000. It is famous for the shipwreck of St. Paul on the coast, and it is said that no venomous creature could ever live here after he threw the viper which fastened on his hand into the fire: a fine painting of this event by West is in the chapel at Greenwich hospital, Malta is very strongly fortified, and in 1565 held out a siege against the Turks above four months. The city of Medina, or Citta Vecchia, stands in the centre of the island.

There are several other small islands belonging to the order, the chief of which are St. Michael, and Gozo.

It is now in the possession of the English, and was considered a principal obstacle in the late negociation between England and France. The acquisition of this island is very considerable to Great Britain, for the protection it affords to her navy in the Mediterranean.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA GIVEN IN OUR LAST
NUMBER.

Commerce Pool,

FOR SOLUTION.

1.

MY first of a female can never be said :
My next by a wonderful shipwright was made :
To command your attention my whole is oft said.

2.

My first is the half of a maid :
My second a snare for the bird ;
My whole, if with excellence play'd,
May perhaps with much pleasure be heard,

3.

To my first every lawyer aspires :
And my second he pleads to obtain :
With my whole every maiden desires
To make sure of her wavering swain.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

KING'S THEATRE.

A NEW ballet called *Achilles and Deidamia*, was produced at this Theatre on Tuesday, Jan. 31. It was composed by Degville, from a celebrated classical story which many of our readers will recollect.

The Oracle had foretold that *Achilles* would perish under the walls of Troy, and to avoid the accomplishment of the prediction, the hero, when he was required to join the confederation of Grecian Princes, secretes himself in the garb of a woman in the court of *Lycomedes*, where he falls in love with the King's Daughter, *Deidamia*.

The Oracle had likewise declared, that Troy could never be taken without the assistance of *Achilles* and, in consequence, *Ulysses* is dispatched to find him out. He arrives at the court of *Lycomedes* in the habit of a merchant, and offers his wares, such as fine clothes, baubles, and trinkets, to the daughters of the King, among whom he knew the object of his search to be concealed. Among his merchandise, however, a shield and spear are designedly concealed, which, whilst the Ladies are busied in turning over their finery, *Achilles* eyes with earnestness, and, yielding to his feelings, seizes with rapturous animation.

The hero of course is detected.

This amusing fable GAY has already converted into an opera, and DEGVILLE has shewn his taste in forming it into a ballet.

It is exceedingly magnificent, splendidly gotten up, and well acted. DEGVILLE as the Centaur CHIRON was admirable, as was DES HAYES in the character of *Achilles*.

A new comic Opera, called *Le Astuzie Femili*, was also performed at this Theatre on Tuesday, Feb. 21st. The music by CIMAROSA, is equal to any of the former productions of this master.

DRURY LANE,

On Tuesday, Feb. 7. a Comedy entitled *The Soldier's Daughter*, written by Mr. Cherry, Comedian, was performed for the first time.

(For the Prologue, see our Parnassian Garland.)

 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Governor Heartall....	Mr. DOWTON.
Frank Heartall	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Malfort, Sen.....	Mr. POWELL.
Malfort Jun.	Mr. POPE.
Captain Woodley	Mr. RUSSELL.
Mr. Ferrett	Mr. PALMER.
Simon	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Timothy Quaint	Mr. COLLINS,
The Widow Cheerly ..	Mrs. JORDAN.
Mrs. Malfort	Mrs. YOUNG.
Julia	Mrs. H. KELLY.
Mrs. Fidget	Mrs. SPARKS.

The plot of this comedy contains nothing very striking, new, or interesting; it is rather the plot of one of the productions of the Minerva Press, than the fable of a regular drama.

The characters are of the same sample; the *Widow Cheerly* is a little tinged with novelty, but has only one humour throughout the play; that of girlish giddiness, and romantic benevolence.—Young *Malfort*, *Heartall*, and the *Governor*, are to be met with in all our modern comedies—They are the trading stock of our present dramatists, and Mr. CHERRY has neither augmented nor diminished the capital.

This comedy, however, was, and has been ever since received with general applause, which may be ascribed to the propriety of its language, and the acting of the performers.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Tuesday, Feb. 23 a new comedy, from the pen of Mr. HOLMAN, called *Love gives the Alarm*, was performed at this Theatre, for the first and last time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Lieutenant Seymour,	Mr. COOKE.
Lord Azurement,	Mr. KNIGHT.
Charles Villars,	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Old Insight,	Mr. MURRAY.
Harry Insight,	Mr. LEWIS.
Dr. Cautery,	Mr. FAWCETT.
Don Romondo Lorenzo	} Mr. WADDY.
Alphonso O'Dogherty	
Michael Pequino (a Portuguese),	} Mr. SIMMONS.
Jonathan Welt,	
Louisa,	Mrs. H. SIDDONS.
Marina,	Mrs. GIBBS.
Mrs. O'Dogherty,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Cautery,	Mrs. POWELL.

The defects in this piece are of such magnitude, that we are at a loss to discriminate any. We have an Irish Peer, a man of large fortune and notoriety, and a member of Parliament, who does not know his own father! and we have an half-pay officer, whose son this same Irish Peer proves to be, that does not know him in the disguise of his title, and only discovers him accidentally by hearing his family name.

The characters are of a sample with the plot. We have a foolish apothecary, and a tricking Portuguese; and, to complete the momentum of folly and absurdity, an Irish bogtrotter grafted on a Spanish Grandee.

We own, we expected a piece of some merit from the author of *The Votary of Wealth, Abroad and at Home; What a Blunder, &c.* the title of the last mentioned piece may justly be applied to the present attempt.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1904.

V E R S E S,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY OF QUALITY,

With a Drawing of Lancarty,* in Perthshire, the
Scene of the warlike Achievements of
her Ancestors.

THESE classic margins of the silver Tay
First saw the prowess of the godlike HAY;
Here with his gallant stripling sons he stood,
While flow'd around him streams of Danish blood!

* The battle of Lancarty was fought in the 9th century, between the Scots and Danes, soon after they invaded Scotland, in the reign of Kenneth the Third, King of Scotland.—The Scots waited for the Danes, after their landing, on the plains of Lancarty, four miles above Perth, when a bloody engagement ensued, at which the Scots were giving way on all sides. HAY, a peasant, accompanied by two of his sons, saw what was likely to be the issue of the day, and, armed with only such weapons as his occupation furnished him with, by the force of his valour, courage, and he-

Hail, land belov'd! thy plains produc'd a man
Who "march'd in Freedom's cause, and led the
van;"

Whose arm uplifted broke th' invading band,
While independence bless'd his native land.
Oh! I could kneel and kiss the sacred soil,
Which grew prolific from the hero's toil;
Which nerv'd the sinewy giant arm, that broke
The wretched bondage of a foreign yoke,
And sav'd his country, when around her pour'd
The savage legions of a race abhorr'd.
And as, amid these wrecks of time, I trace
With pilgrim footsteps, this respected place,
Which saw the splendid actions of your sire,
(A deed succeeding ages still admire),
By airy beings spoke, methinks I hear
These sounds celestial warble in my ear —
"O may the noble lineage thus begun,
"Increase in splendour by each virtuous son ;

roic behaviour, he was not only instrumental in stemming the tide of the battle, but his prowess so animated the retiring troops of the Scots, that they rallied, repulsed, and effectually obliged the Danes to retire in great disorder to their ships, which lay at anchor at the mouth of the Tay. As soon as Kenneth heard of the gallant achievement of the heroic peasant, he created him Earl of Errol, and gave him as much land as a falcon flew over before he should alight. The flight of the bird happened to be over the rich plain of Gourie, commonly called the Garden of Scotland.—From an origin so truly noble are descended the families of the Earls of Errol and Kinnoul, and the Marquis of Tweeddale; and, if true benevolence, exalted dignity, and personal beauty any way distinguish the human character, the descendants of so noble a progenitor prove themselves not only ennobled by the King of Scotland, but by the KING OF KINGS.

" And may each beauteous daughter still unite
 " An angel's goodness with the hero's might ;
 " And, as old time advances, may the name
 " Still bloom immortal in the fields of Fame ! "

R. C.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER.

Sung at the Meeting of the Bath Harmonic Society.

BRAVE comrades, all hail to our glorious cause,
 The defence of our altars, our rights, and our laws ;

The structure, which firmly for ages has stood,
 By our forefathers' valour, our forefathers' blood ;
 This beautiful fabric, the fruit of their toil,
 The world's mad disturber would gladly despoil ;
 Let him aim in his phrenzy the desperate stroke,
 We will rush to the conflict like true hearts of oak,
 And as manfully fight, as we joyfully sing,
 Huzza ! huzza ! to our Country and King.

Need Galia's proud Chief or his legions be told
 We are warm'd by the spirit which conquer'd of old ;

When our sires, by the genius of Liberty led,
 For Freedom, blest Freedom, undauntedly bled ?
 While her time-hallow'd altar unsully'd shall stand,
 And emit its pure flame on our long-favour'd land.
 We may treat the foul Despot's vain threats with
 a smile,

As the loud-swelling chorus resounds thro' our isle,
 We'll as manfully fight, as we joyfully sing,
 Huzza ! huzza ! to our Country and King.

THE EVENING OF BATTLE,

Written in continuation of the "Morning of Battle,"
which appeared in the Monthly Visitor for November, 1803,
"ANONYMOUS."

AWAY! Brothers! Britons! clad in mercy,
away!

For victory's palm is our own;
Let humanity brighten the close of the day,
Our bravely-tried valour has won.

Arms sheathed in blood, and deep-mark'd with a
stain,

When drawn in a cause the most dear;
In the eye of kind heaven shall unsullied remain,
If cleansed by pity's soft tear.

Fair freedom's the cause, our lov'd king we'll de-
fend,

In throngs to his standard we fly,
Before then we yield, our existence shall end,
Resolv'd now to conquer or die.

Dead! wounded! in heaps sadly-mangl'd they lie,
Friends, fathers, and brothers around,
We'll greet the pale corse with a sorrow-heav'd sigh,
And bind up the blood-gushing wound.

That duty accomplish'd return to the field,
Seek fearless the battle's dread roar;
Be the arm of Omnipotence ever our shield,
And we drive the rude foe from our shore.

Our cause be it just and approved by heaven,
Death scorning, all fear we despise,
Come the ball wing'd with fate, the wound fatal
be given,
We meet our reward in the skies.

DESCRIPTION OF TEVIOTDALE.

BY JOHN LEYDEN.

(From "Scenes of Infancy.")

SWEET scenes of youth, to faithful memory
 dear,
Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear,
When, in the softened light of summer skies,
Full on my soul life's first illusions rise!
Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain!
I come to trace your soothing haunts again,
To mark each grace, that pleased my stripling
 prime,
By absence hallowed, and endeared by time,
To lose, amid your winding dells, the past —
Ah! must I think this lingering look the last!
Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view!
How soft ye smiled, when Nature's charms were
 new!

Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh, and warm,
And every opening grace had power to charm;
While, as each scene in living lustre rose,
Each young emotion waked from soft repose.

Even as I muse, my former life returns,
And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.
Like music melting in a lover's dream,
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream:
The crisping rays, that on the waters lie,
Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky;
While, through inverted alder boughs below,
The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.

On these fair banks, thine ancient bards no more,
Enchanting stream! their melting numbers pour;

But still their viewless harps, on poplars hung,
Sigh the soft airs, they learned when time was
young :

And those who tread, with holy feet, the ground,
At lonely midnight, hear their silver sound ;
When river breezes wave their dewy wings,
And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings.

What earthly hand presumes, aspiring bold,
The airy harp of ancient bards to hold,
With ivy's sacred wreath to crown his head,
And lead the plaintive chorus of the dead—
He, round the poplar's base, shall nightly strew
The willow's pointed leaves, of pallid blue,
And still restrain the gaze, reverted keen,
When round him deepen sighs from shapes unseen,
And o'er his lonely head, like summer bees,
The leaves, self-moving, tremble on the trees :
When morn's first rays fall quivering on the strand,
Then is the time to stretch the daring hand,
And snatch it from the bending poplar pale,
The magic harp of ancient Teviotdale.

HARVEST MORNING.

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

FAST on the hearth our skillet boils,
Pour up the milk, 'tis breakfast-hour ;
High time that we begin our toils :—
The sun is up, and past the show'r.
Hark ! hear you not the reaper's song,
The dew-bespangled lane along ?

There !—SALLY calls !—sweet maid I come !
Stay ; let me take my little store—
Bread, cheese, and apples, all the sum
My wallet boasts—I ask no more :

Our master's flaggon yields us still
Of cyder, or of ale, our fill.

The great folks all are yet a-bed—
No window ope—no smoke I see—
With gouty feet, and heavy head;—
Knew they my joys, they'd envy me!
Watch the first lark of morning rise,
And hear him carol to the skies.

From exercise I gather health;
No nauseous drugs my spirits need;
No cares have I for useless wealth;
Nor fashion, or fine clothes, I heed;
True bliss the longest day beguiles,
Where SALLY works, and sings, and smiles

EPIGRAM.

"HOW comes it," says a wealthy cit,
(Discoursing with a man of wit),
"That Fortune doth so seldom shed
Her favours on a poet's head,
Whilst Ignorance throughout the land
Walks with the Goddess hand in hand?"
"Let not the matter cause surprise;
'Tis thus," the Muses' son replies:
"Some time ago, but when or where,
I know as little as I care,
Fortune and Phœbus disagreed,
And mortals suffer by the deed;
For when they visit here below,
Their diff'rent boundies to bestow,
Wherever one's arriv'd before,
The other always shuns the door."

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF "THE SOLDIER'S
DAUGHTER."

Written by the Author, and Spoken by Mr. Pope.

THE wretch condemn'd, who pines in silent sor-
row,
And fears the dawn of the all-dreadful morrow,
When, from this earth his soul must take her flight,
The realms to seek of all eternal night:—
As he the awful scaffold slowly climbs,
And dreads the vengeance that attends his crimes,—
Hope, like a smiling cherub, opes her gate,
And points out Mercy on her throne of state!
Justice, obedient to the white rob'd maid,
Sheathes her drawn sword—and grants her willing
aid.

So, the scared author of our play, to-night,
Dreads—ev'n these lamps, that bring his crimes to
light.

Tho' chilling dew-drops mark the culprit's fear,
He knows your justice—if his cause you hear;
But should his guilt excite the critic fury,
His hope is—MERCY, from an English jury!

A home-spun fabric he presents to view;
Devis'd, constructed, and prepar'd, for you:—
From nature drawn, and fed with nature's food;
His men and women—merely flesh and blood.
Thro' his rude scenes benevolence holds place,
To chase the tear from off pale sorrow's face;
Cheer the sad husband and the faithful wife,
And fain would smooth the rugged road of life.
A youthful merchant ventures on this shore,
(Where many a merchant has been seen before;)

Ye sons of commerce, grant your pow'rful aid,
 And give your voices—in support of trade.
 He adds thereto, to fill his varied scene,
 A sprightly fair-one of no vulgar mien,
 From nature's school, with virtue's precepts taught
 her,

A yeoman's widow, and a Soldier's Daughter.

All English growth ! from garden, forest, field—
 Some perfum'd flowers, while some a poison yield :
 Who from his native land ALL ill can root ?
 Ev'n Eden's garden nurs'd forbidden fruit.
 Our author, therefore, if his schemes you scan,
 But shew the danger, to preserve the man.

If in these home-made scenes, he bade me say,
 You aught can find to send you pleas'd away ;
 If woe domestic can its griefs impart,
 Or sportive pleasure animate the heart ;
 At both he aims : and should his schemes succeed,
 Your gen'rous plaudits make him blest indeed !
 If with your smiles you greet his first endeavour,
 You bind him yours, for ever and for ever.

EPIGRAM.

THE POET AND CRITIC.

“ BEAR me,” cries Stanza, “ to some peaceful
 shade,

Where not the breath of ether can pervade ;
 By all the busy, plodding world forgot,
 And sweet content shall share my humble cot.”
 “ Stay where thou art,” cried Censor in reply,
 “ Nor for the peaceful shade or cottage sigh ;
 Retirement more secluded from mankind
 Than in thy garret thou canst never find ;
 Let days revolving swell oblivion's store,
 And time coin years until his bags run o'er ;
 Here undisturb'd, no rude intrusion dread,
 For none inquire where Stanza rests his head.”

Literary Review.

Letters on the Study and Use of ancient and modern History: containing Observations and Reflections on the Causes and Consequences of those Events which have produced conspicuous Changes in the Aspect of the World, and the general State of Human Affairs. By John Bigland, Author of "Reflections on the Resurrection and Ascension."

THE author of the present volume is known to the world by an admirable essay on *the Ascension of Christ*, and we are happy to find him again employing his talents in a way so respectable to himself, and so useful to society. The page of HISTORY presents abundant materials for meditation, and we have more than once expressed a wish that young persons would become more acquainted with it, instead of furnishing themselves with novels, and romances, the bane of the rising generation. Mr. B. has performed his task with ability. He has discriminated well the events of ancient and modern history; he has accompanied them with proper reflections, and it is but justice to add, that his style, being flowing and copious, is adapted to the subject. We have

seldom met with a work of the kind to which we wish a more extensive circulation

The Beauties of Henry; a Selection of the most striking Passages in the Exposition of that celebrated Commentator. To which is prefixed, a brief Account of the Life, Character, Labours, and Death, of the Author. In Three Volumes. By John Geard.

THE value of Henry's Commentary on the Bible, in five volumes, folio, is acknowledged both by churchmen and dissenters. The present abridgement, therefore, must be acceptable to all classes, who profess themselves interested in the diffusion of knowledge, virtue, and piety.

Sentiments proper to the present Crisis; a Sermon, Preached at Bridge-Street, Bristol, October 19, 1803; being the Day appointed for a general Fast. By Robert Hall.

THIS eloquent discourse we here mention with pleasure; it is calculated, together with the many others which have appeared, to cherish a spirit of patriotism, by urging all descriptions of people to oppose the common enemy. The unanimity which prevails in this glorious cause cannot be too much commended, and the few who keep aloof are not entitled either to the esteem, or gratitude of their countrymen.

Travels from Hamburg through Westphalia, Holland, and the Netherlands, to Paris. By Thomas Holcroft. In two large Quarto Volumes.

WHAT! more from France?—Yes; even more, for the subject is absolutely inexhaustible. It is really surprising to look back, and call to mind the number of books which have appeared of this description. We noticed them, however, at their several periods of publication, and it now remains, that we give our readers an account of the present copious and weighty work, which may gratify curiosity. With the *title* of this production we are not pleased, for it by no means imparts a just idea of the contents of the volumes. Hamburg, Westphalia, and the Netherlands, are rapidly dispatched in a few pages at the commencement of the work; the remainder is occupied by an account of the city of Paris, which may, in some respects, be deemed the wonder of the world! The title should have run thus:—A Description of Paris, introduced by a Sketch of Travels from Hamburg, &c. This would have been a faithful representation of things; and, indeed, *Paris* having been rendered so famous by the late bloody revolution, such a title would have roused, in a greater degree, the public curiosity.

As to the work itself, it is certainly highly entertaining, and instructive; anecdotes of every kind are brought together, and some not of a very delicate nature, for the illustrating the customs and manners of the French nation.

These furnish the reader with an idea of the true nature of a *Frenchman*, being a strange mixture of rationality and irrationality; of refinement and coarseness; of politeness and ferocity. We have, however, been much gratified by the perusal of these travels, and they throw light on the late revolution.

As to Buonaparte Mr. H. portrays him in his genuine colours; he is a mere soldier of fortune; a military despot; setting at defiance every other nation who refuses to crouch beneath his sway. Such a man will one day seal his own destruction.

The plates, containing views of Paris, and the vignettes, which represent several individual buildings, are numerous; they at once embellish and illustrate the work; but its price—there's the rub—prevents these volumes being read even by the middling classes of society.

Invasion: a Poem; descriptive and satirical. By W. Amphlett.

MR. A. was formerly a contributor to the poetical department of our miscellany; we, therefore, hail his present appearance at the tribunal of the public; he has certainly brought forward a production of which he need not be ashamed. Not only is the subject popular, but it is treated with ingenuity. The preparation of the enemy, up to their embarkation, their landing in this country, and their entire and signal overthrow, are depicted in a manner which does credit to his head and heart. Many

passages are spirited and impressive. We, however, wish that all light similes, and allusions, had been avoided; the subject is serious, and would, in the poem before us, have been better were it treated with an uniform gravity. The author will excuse us, but we are so pleased with the work, that we wish it every possible improvement.

A Sermon, preached on the late Fast Day, Wednesday, October 9, 1803, at the Parish Church of Hatton, Warwickshire. By Samuel Parr, LL. D.

DR. PARR has here given us a masterly sermon on patriotism, the exercise of which was never more called for than on the present occasion. He encounters the errors of Lord Shaftsbury, and Soame Jenyns; both of these having, by their misrepresentation of the subject, injured the sacred cause of christianity. With a manly classical eloquence does this reverend author plead in behalf of his country. He shews that every thing is at stake, and therefore every man ought to interest himself at this crisis of affairs to render some good to the public. Such preachers are praiseworthy; they cannot fail of rendering essential service, which will ensure to them an ample recompence.

The Swiss Emigrants; a Tale.

THE late revolution in Switzerland is of that dismal, and disastrous complection, that it

will afford the philosopher, and moralist, many lessons of improvement. Accordingly, in the tale before us, we have an affecting story, on the whole, well told, and therefore interesting to a reader of benevolence and sensibility. The preface details the particulars of the Swiss Revolution, which gave rise to the narrative before us. It is impossible to read even this short sketch of that memorable change, without reprobating the man who, calling himself the friend of liberty, is scattering slavery and misery amongst the civilized nations of the earth. Surely a day must arrive when Buonaparte shall expiate his crimes;—vice, sooner or later, receives its just, its appropriate, and its lasting punishment.

The Judge ; or, An Estimate of the Importance of the judicial Character, occasioned by the Death of the late Lord Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. A Poem, in three Cantos. By the Rev. Jerome Alley, Chaplain to the Right Honourable Lord Sheffield, &c.

AMONG the swarm of poems with which we are at some times amused, and at other times tormented, in the present day it is pleasing to reflect, that we occasionally stumble on productions of taste and judgment. Of the character of Lord Clare, the principal subject of panegyric, we say nothing ; such has been the violence of party in Ireland, that we despair of obtaining the real truth from either party. The poem, however, has much merit ; some lines

are truly classical, and others reach even a degree of sublimity. The value of the *judicial character* is ably and properly estimated; the duties are well defined; and the good effects of the discharge of these duties on society are stated with energy. We congratulate our country, that in no other nation under heaven is justice administered with equal vigour and purity.

Retrospect of the Political World.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1804.

IN prosecuting this department of our work, we must continue to dwell on the subject which has so long engaged our attention. INVASION is by no means become an obsolete term; some, indeed, are probably tired with its repetition for months past, but we must not forget our duty. The enemy, never wanting in cunning and perfidy, will play with our feelings, and for a while mock our expectations. We must, however, still be on our guard; still determine not to relax our vigilance; but, preserving the same courage, let them know that Britons are always faithful to themselves. Whatever opinions may prevail amongst individuals, the great mass of the nation will on no account relinquish their opposition to a foreign enemy.

At the same time the indisposition of our BELOVED SOVEREIGN has given concern to

all ranks and classes of society. With the particulars of his illness, so far as they have transpired, we are all acquainted. It appears to be a complication of complaints, which at one time seemed to be of a very alarming tendency. We are, however, happy to say that his disorder has taken a more favourable turn, and we trust that he will speedily be restored to the numerous and important duties of his station. At this crisis, indeed, his indisposition has raised a just and general alarm; but the *united wisdom* of both houses of parliament will, we trust and believe, prevent any particular evil from arising on this account to our native and highly-favoured country.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1804.

1. **A**CCOUNTS received of the melancholy fate of the *Caledonia*, an East-India ship, on her way home from Bombay. Soon after she had left the port, a fire was observable, which raged so fiercely that there was no possibility of extinguishing it. Immediately after the passengers quitted, she blew up, and in a few minutes disappeared.
4. A lieutenant of the Royal Navy received the thanks of the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, on account of a plan, which he had communicated to their lord-

ships, for the purpose of keeping the squadrons of his majesty's fleets upon their stations, before the enemy's ports, in blowing weather. Of late such a plan must be of inconceivable utility.

8. Ann Hurle, an interesting young woman, hung in the Old Bailey, for forgery. The crowd was immense, and commiserated her condition. She was neatly dressed in black, and deeply affected. With a violent shriek, and sad agitations, she was launched into eternity!

9. Accounts received from Scotland, that a few days ago, a select party of friends of the celebrated bard, *Robert Burns*, met at the cottage in which he was born to commemorate his birth-day. An ode, composed for the occasion, and a song, by one of the bard's sons, were read to the company. Burn's eldest son, Robert, will soon be placed in one of the public offices in London.

13. Mary Brown tried at Guildhall sessions, and convicted of *child-stealing*, a crime which ought to meet with severe punishment. The court was immensely crowded—amongst which were many ladies; the mother of the child seemed greatly distressed.

14. His majesty's illness first announced to the public, and it occasioned no small emotion. It is supposed that he had for some time been indisposed, but it now increased to a degree that would not admit of any longer concealment.

16. Mr. Robert Aslett, for secreting, and

embezzling exchequer bills, was called into court, at the Old Bailey, and informed by Baron Hotham, that the opinion of the judges had been given against him, of course the law must take its course. Mr. Aslett bowed to the court, and retired. He was dressed in a plain but genteel manner, and conducted himself with great composure. Sentence of death was passed on him at the close of the sessions.

17. Lady Warren burnt to death at Brighton: her muslin dress caught fire, and she was instantly involved in flames! She ran to the bed in the room, and rang the bell, by which the bed caught fire, so that the servants found her almost in a state of suffocation. The frequency of these accidents is incredible; the fair sex cannot be too cautious respecting a circumstance by which so many have perished!

18. A man of genteel appearance, presented himself at St. James's, who asked some extraordinary questions about his majesty. Having before proved exceedingly troublesome at the queen's house, he was taken into custody. He appears to be insane, and has, therefore, been conveyed to a place of security.

19. Colonel Picton, late governor of Trinidad, appeared before the Lord Chief Justice, and gave bail himself in *one thousand pounds*, and two sureties in *five hundred each*, to answer to an indictment, upon which a bill was found, the last day of term, by the grand jury of Middlesex,

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

NATHANIEL DENHAM, Lime str. London, merchant. William Danney, late of Windsor, Berks, apothecary. Nathan Lythgoe, Liverpool, timber-merchant. Margaret Trusson, late of Friston, Suffolk, dealer. Richard Hindley and William Wakefield, Manchester, manufacturers. William Walton, Wribbenhall, Kidderminster, Worcester, innkeeper. John Pinch, Bathwick, Somerset, carpenter. Joseph Augustine Victor Gameau, Albemarle street, bookseller. John Weeley, Weeleigh, Essex, dealer. Edward Denton, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn, money-scrivener. John Young, Long acre, coach maker. William Johnson, Vauxhall, coal merchant. Wm. Charles Crank, Kensington, brewer and merchant. John Skill, of the Strand, oilman. John Alexander, South Lambeth. Surrey, coal merchant. Jacob Israel Levy, Brighton, Sussex, merchant. James Cruickshanks, Gerrard street, West. metal sash and fan light manufacturer. James Young, Southampton, linen-draper. James Fletcher Hughes, Wigmore street, stationer. Robert Roe and Christopher Moore, Bristol, merchants. Thomas Walters, Saint Paul, Shadwell, biscuit baker. John Wilkinson the younger, Lower Grosvenor place, Hanover square, dealer. Thomas Day, late of Grovehill, York, ship carpenter. John Williamson, Liverpool, cheesemonger. John Hives, Ilkeston, Derbyshire, baker. Christopher Wild, Manchester, victualler. Peter Rogers, Warrington, Lancashire, shopkeeper. Robert Wood and George Payne, Liverpool, grocers. William Hill, Bristol, jeweller. John Clarke, of Tealby, Lincolnshire,

paper maker. Richard Spencer Fern, of Suffolk lane, London, drysalter. Edward Taylor, Blackburn, Lancashire, linen draper. Thomas Crossley, Manchester, dimity manufacturer. John Wright, Gosport, grocer. Joseph Weedon, Oxford street, oilman. Henry Douel, Golden-leg-court, Cheapside, hosier. David Moffatt, Fleet Market, grocer. Thomas Smith, of the White Hart, Deptford, victualler. Thomas Shelley, Lane Delph, Staffordshire, potter. James Law, Hepstonstall, Yorkshire, cotton spinner. Philip Evans, Hungerford Market, Strand, oyster merchant. Samuel Barker, Lane Delph, Staffordshire, manufacturer of earthen ware. Absalom Marsh, Aldgate, jeweller. John Ransome, Little Walsingham, Norfolk, shopkeeper. Joseph Bowerbank, Camden street, Islington, coal merchant. William Jackson Parrott, Leighton Buzard, Bedfordshire, wine and brandy merchant. John Waller, Queen street, Lincoln's inn fields, druggist. Henry Merske, Edward street, Titchfield street, tailor. William Christian, Liverpool, attorney at law. John Buckler the younger, Warminster, Wilts, clothier. John Tyler, Mountsorrell, Leicestershire, miller. Andrew Burgess Hoffman, Charles street, Covent Garden, tailor. John Swindells, and John Dale the younger, Hodge Mill, Chester, cotton manufacturer. John Eames, Leicester, cheesefactor. Matthew Baxter, Barnard Castle, Durham, innkeeper. Joseph Foster, Church street, Stoke Newington, carpenter. Bezer Leonard Sellers, Crown Office, Inner Temple, money scrivener. James Mills and John Mills, of Wood, Yorkshire, merchants. Samuel Walker, Manchester, cotton manufacturer. John Estill, Scarborough, ship owner. James Williams, Haverford west, Pembrokeshire, shopkeeper. George Harrison, Manchester, merchant. John Sexton, Limekiln Road, Greenwich, potter. George

Cammins, Griffin Public house, Villers street, victualler. John Wheeler, Wednesbury, Stafford, iron master. Daniel Ward and Robert Daniel Ward, Bishopsgate street, tailors. Richard Sainsbury, Bath, coach master. Thomas Mereton, Homerton, Middlesex, victualler. William Willmott, High street, Borough, stationer. Samuel Davies, Manchester, dealer in cotton, twist and weft. John Bishop, late of Epsom, Surrey, linen draper. Robert Riding the younger, Colne, Lancaster, cotton manufacturer. Thomas Wood, Dorchester, ironmonger. William Bennett, Ivey lane, carpenter and builder. Francis Bateman Dashwood, late of Gain's Hill, Huntingdon, worsted manufacturer. George Brain, Bristol, merchant. Samuel Sanforth the younger, and John Cartledge, Newbold, Chesterfield, potters. Robert Jones, late of Lanvapley, Monmouth, wool dealer. James Howell, late of Stratfieldsaye, Southampton, farmer. James Cross, Tisbury, Wilts, carpenter. John Parker, Sheffield, York, money scrivener. Thomas Willis, Bath, carpenter. John Mackenzie, late of the City Chambers, Bishopsgate street, merchant. William Porteous, Chippenham, Wilts, coal merchant. Samuel Tree, Portsmouth, victualler. Patrick Boyle, Vine street, Piccadilly, printer. Samuel Towsland, Paradise row, Chelsea, rectifier. Charles Thacker, jun. Caister, next Great Yarmouth, seedsman. James Ford, Chiswell street, shoemaker. Thomas Leeming, Preston, Lancashire, John Myers, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, and William Chapman, Preston, worsted manufacturers. Samuel Pearce, Exeter, jeweller. Whitfield Bloore, late of Sun street, Bishopsgate street, timber merchant. John Hayes, Thomas street, Southwark, butcher. John Roe, Ombersley, Worcestershire, horse dealer. William Wright, Broadway, Westminster, victualler. Richard Yarwood, Stockport,

Chester, spake maker. Henry Billinge Platt, Wigan, Lancaster, calico manufacturer. John Neeves, Seend, Wilts, mealman. Whitelock Bartholome, Carlisle, grocer. John Richards, Holborn, hosier. Elias Fletcher, Sowerby, York, woolstapler. John Sayer, Buckingham, place merchant. Thomas Lucas, and James Philip Lucas, Birmingham, auctioneers. John Trott Mills, late of Bridgewater, Somerset, rope and sail maker. William Pugh, Berwick street, tailor. John Archer, St. Catharine's Dock, Middlesex, hoop bender. John Fowle, Chippenham, Wilts, clothier. Robert Stewart and William Stewart, Manchester, merchants. Joseph Wheeler, late of Hampstead, victualler. William Simon Betham, Furnival's-inn court, Holborn, printer. Thomas Rutt, Dalston, Middlesex, stockbroker. John Thompson, Goswell street, silver-smith. Thomas Lloyd, Billiter square, merchant. George Stone, Gosport, Southampton, boot and shoemaker. Thomas Bull, Bristol, brandy merchant. William Edwards, New Bond street, goldsmith and jeweller. William Teasdale, Manchester, cotton broker. Amplias Bead, Aldermanbury, warehouseman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Elegy on the Death of General Grinfield in our next.

We return our thanks to our Friend at *Plymouth*, for his drawing of the *View near Malta*; and trust that our transfer on Copper, given in the present Number, will be approved.

We must object to the insertion of the Article from *Anonymous*; the contents are too uncandid to obtain a place in the *Monthly Visitor*.

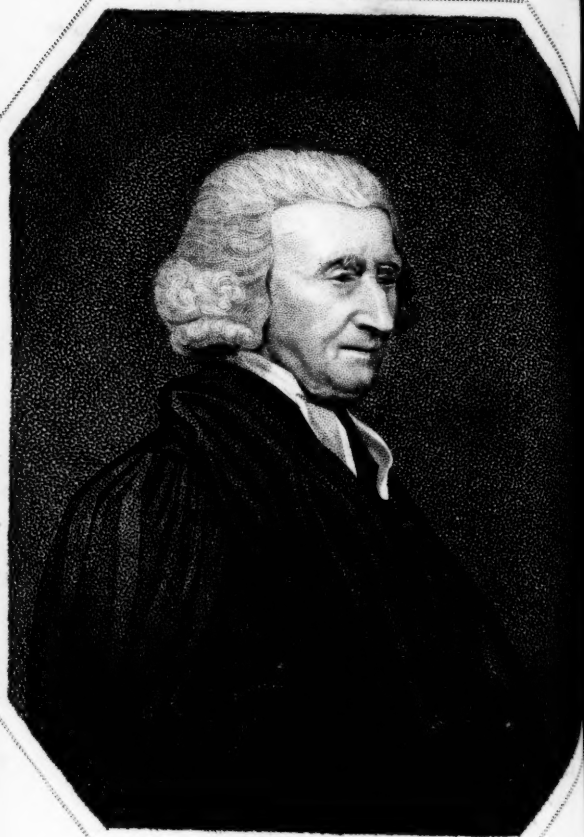
Several of our Friends will find their Communications attended to this Month. *Biographicus*, and many others are received, and will have due attention paid them.

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The Rev.^d RICHARD GRAVES, A.M.

Rector of Claverton.